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A true line needs no lash
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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Racing Can Be Boon To
America In Wartime As It
Has Been To Other Countries**

The military order which, falling like a bomb-shell, commanded the Los Angeles Turf Club to cancel its great forthcoming winter meeting at the Santa Anita track, due to have opened this present week, has, in the argot of the day, rocked the turf world as nothing else for many years past, if ever.

As these lines are written there is reported some chance that this order may be either rescinded or modified. Such at least is the hope of optimistic turfmen . . . But the process of events may be said to repose upon the knees of the gods.

There seems no doubt that the procedure taken was, like many which mark the opening of a great war, hasty and the outcome of extreme, rather than carefully-thought out conclusions.

For instance, though the benefits accruing to the state and federal governments nowadays from the taxation of turf organizations in this country are immense, and far greater than anything of the kind in any European country, it is known that racing has been going on in Europe in very much the same way as usual, ever since the present world-war broke out, two years ago.

Reports from Berlin, in especial, have spoken of racing as continuing there in a big way, with great crowds in attendance. One of the first things that the Nazi's took the initiative in, after France fell under their dominion, was to re-open the race tracks, which, under stress of their invasion, had been closed. It is also reported that in Austria and Italy meetings have been and are being given right along.

All these countries are much more susceptible to attack than the U. S. A.

Berlin, for instance, has been bombed scores of times, if not hundreds, by the British air forces. The latter have also constantly and heavily bombed the Channel countries now under the Nazi heel—Belgium, Holland, Denmark, etc. Yet we read of racing going on there also, especially in Belgium, where some important meetings have been held.

There are many things which can always be learned from our enemies. What we may learn from them, however, in this regard, is nothing that has originated with them. Their policy is one ages old.

Thousands of years ago, rulers

Continued On Page Five

Alas Outstanding Hunter Champion Of 1941 Season

**Woodfellow With Madison
Square Laurels To His
Credit Reserve Award**

Commencing with the Camden Schooling Show in South Carolina last February, when J. North Fletcher's former Troop hung up the tri-color, the eastern hunter and jumper shows enjoyed a good year. Considering that Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Jr.'s Alas won the championship awards of Devon, Upperville and North Shore shows during the past season, also the reserve of the Warrenton Horse Show, the 1941 champion of champions crown goes to this consistent daughter of Out The Way, in the estimation of The Chronicle.

Alas' sweep of 3 of the biggest and most important out-door shows was an achievement in itself, in that she bested splendid performing conformation hunters in all cases. Miss Frances Harrison, no relation to the owner, but also of the Philadelphia countryside and sister to the well known hunt-meeting trainer-rider, John S. Harrison was greatly instrumental to Alas' success, giving her bang up rides, as was Charles C. Harrison, III, son of Alas' owners.

The reserve champion of champions honor must be placed in the head-stall of Miss Patricia du Pont Woodfellow, winner of the Wilmington Horse Show championship, other championships including the Reading, Harrisburg, etc., and then the finale of the season, the Madison Square Garden National Horse Show

Continued on Page Four

Imp. Blenheim II Top Ranking Sire For 1941 Season

**Three English Imports
Lead Sires In United
States In Money Won**

Imp. Blenheim II, the quarter of a million dollar Blandford sire brought to this country several seasons ago by a syndicate of thoroughbred breeders has ably substantiated his investment, ranking Number 1 sire in the United States for the season of 1941. Back of him in 2nd and 3rd positions are other English imports, Sir Gallahad III and Bull Dog, full brothers, whose progeny jointly went out and won 214 races and some \$392,008. Blenheim II's winning sons and daughters numbering 22, of course including the horse of the year Whirlaway, who won \$337,755 in all.

Posthumous acclaim has come to the late Equipose, the "Chocolate Soldier" of the turf. His progeny raced him into 4th position and E. R. Bradley's Black Servant stood 5th, ahead of Man o'War.

The first 20 leading sires in America were responsible for 708 winners who reported to the winner's circles in 1,798 races. The total money won by the get of these 20 leading sires amounted to the extraordinary total of \$2,991,996.

Though Wise Counsellor stands 10th, his 65 winners accounted for 185 races, including 2 dead heats, and \$133,695, to make him the leading stallion in U. S. from point of view of number of races won. Flying Heels, standing 20th in the national

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General Mitchell Ranking Sportsman Of World War II

**Chief Of Allied Air Forces
Did Greatest Job To
Awaken America**

Sportsmen in the United States have always taken their places in the first rank for the defense of this country. It will be the purpose of The Chronicle in wartime to follow the activities of America's sportsmen, pay them tribute where tribute is due. In this war there is one great gentleman who fought this war with every ounce of his strength, his courage and his honour and died in the fighting of it even before war began.

General William Mitchell, former commander in chief of the entire allied air forces in the last world war, decorated with the Croix de Guerre, with 9 palms, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Aviator Medal, and a score of other decorations, the highest honors given by any nation, finally renounced every honor that he had won in two wars for this country, trying to prove to a blind Army and Navy Department how they could forestall this war. General Mitchell was court martialled; he resigned; he was forced from the service because he was able to see clearly what his contemporaries could not see.

General Mitchell did the greatest job in World War II that it has been given the lot of any American sportsman to perform. That he could not accomplish fully the task that he had set himself was not blame upon his shoulders but upon Army and Navy officials who did not have the power to visualize what we have at last discovered today and which General Mitchell saw clearly, preached, wrote 20 years ago, and at last, publicly denounced. In writing of the sportsmen of this war, General Mitchell should come first for if he were alive today, the honor of leading American warplanes against the Japanese should surely have fallen upon his shoulders as the man who knew the strategy of this war before it had begun.

Time after time, General Mitchell reiterated his warning. "The next war will be fought in the skies; our enemy will be Japan; she is building long range planes to bomb this country; warships can be sunk by aeroplanes; we must have aeroplanes." The War Department never gave heed until too late. General Mitchell drew up a plan of strategy in the Pacific. The great triangle

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Christmas Day In The Hunting Field

By A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H.

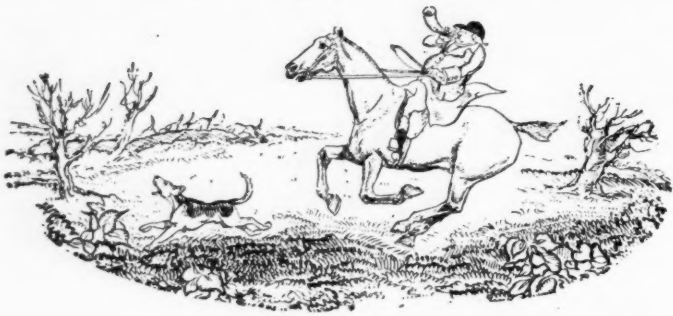
Although the early English settlers of New England were Puritans of narrow and devout habits, and although the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and particularly of Boston, are still noted for their somewhat ascetic ways of life, there is one custom still prevalent in England which is not commonly followed throughout New England. Christmas in England is regarded and celebrated as a religious festival, while across the water, in that pleasant land where I used to live, it is distinctly a day devoted to sports, pastimes, and jollification;—a day of roast turkey, minced pies, plum pudding and cider, and above all, a day when every dweller in the country-

side keeps open house.

Living in England, as I do, I have not been foxhunting on Christmas Day for a good many years, but I recall several good hunts which took place on that day in New England, during the years before the last Great War, when I used to have hounds of my own and sometimes hunt over the snow-clad hills not far from the road over which Paul Revere galloped "to spread the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm", on the 18th of April, 1775. Foxhunting, as we know it in England, was a comparatively new thing in the district, though foxhunting in the New England fashion

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Hunting Notes:-



BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke County, Virginia.
Established 1888.
Recognized 1904.



Saturday, Dec. 20

Blue Ridge had a day full of foxes and full of wind Saturday, December 20th when hounds met at Rosney, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee. It had rained in the night and going and temperature were ideal with weather somewhat colder but great blasts of wind blew steadily from the west and it did not seem possible that hounds could do anything.

Howard Gardiner, professional huntsman, hunted hounds in the absence of William Bell Watkins, M. F. H. who was acting as steward at Charles Town's last day of its winter season. Hounds were taken quickly to Long Branch fields and were put in there, drawing up wind in the teeth of the gale to Long Branch woods. Out the southern end a line was picked up although nobody saw him slip away and hounds ran down wind with great speed. So great was the force of the westerly that although hounds could be seen tonguing, it was not possible to hear a sound as they ran with great drive southeast across Long Branch blue grass fields and across the road into Montana Hall.

The fox was apparently making a wide circle and heading back the way he had come, as the line went on back across the road to the east of Long Branch where the wily pilot headed for some cattle and there successfully foiled his line. The huntsman called his hounds and tried at once on down wind as there was no time to lose to let them try themselves in such a gale, but although several hounds spoke again, it was no use and hounds moved on for another try. Down along the river bank of the Shenandoah it is sheltered from westerly winds and on the Red Gate pasture a fox was jumped that took the wind in his teeth and hounds flew after him with great drive taking him all the way across Red Gate blue grass fields with some nice flights of post and rails while the wind seemed to be lifting people from their saddles. Hats were blown off and eyes streamed when hounds checked with the line foiled by some of the field who had tried to make a short cut.

Seconds wasted in this kind of a day were sufficient to ruin scent and although hounds worked carefully, with a few hounds tonguing down a low ravine working towards the river again, they could do nothing more than an occasional burst which took them to the river bank and a field of old corn stubble where a fox has been bolted out before. Working through this to the end

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ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media, Pennsylvania.
Established 1859.
Recognized 1904.



I shall for once restrain my loquacious pen and quote from Mrs. Peek's illuminating record—though even so I cannot compete with Mrs. Babcock for brevity (as illustrated in her December 5 notes).

Saturday, Dec. 6

"Hounds met at Mr. Lane's Gate at 10:30 following a hunt breakfast given by Mr. Lane. A fox was put up almost immediately in the woods back of Mr. Lane's property, but only stayed up a few minutes, going to earth in Thomas' Thicket. We drew every cover between that point—through Jack-Jack's, Street Road Barrens, Green Briars, and found in Pickering Thicket at about 11:30. The fox ran to Mr. Jefford's Pines, back through the thicket, through Mr. Simmons' to the West Chester Pike, where he turned and went south through Green Briar, circling around Delchester through the apple orchard, through Pickering, across Hunting Hill to Marshall Piersol's pines where he cut north through Rawl's, back through Hunting Hill to the Pickering Thicket where he holed at 3:30."

This truly long run was, I understand, speedy indeed for the first hour but after that on the slow side with many checks but with excellent hound work.

Monday, Dec. 8

"Hounds left the kennels at 9:30, crossed the dam and found immediately in the field back of Mrs. Fetterman's, crossed the road (Providence) through Mr. Stull's, turned left to Snake House, turned right through Gorman's to Worrell's (and what a time we had there!) skirted the golf course, bore left and holed in a field back of the course. A 2nd fox came out of McCullough's woods, crossed the golf course at Worrell's, crossed the road adjoining the golf course into Mrs. Bodine's where hounds lost. We worked through Dr. Hutchinson's, covering practically every cover between there and the Four Horsemen to no avail, and the ride back home was equally uneventful. But it was fun—principally because of the fact that my mount—the lovely Crow—was so superb."

"And what a time we had there," refers, I believe, to a stalwart-minded property owner whose point of view about fox hunting is like that of President Coolidge about sin—"against it!"

Tuesday, Dec. 9

"Hounds met at Gradyville at 1:30, worked down to Mr. Jefford's lower pines where a fox was put up, who ran through Rawl Farm, circling to Hunting Hill where he ran about a bit until going into Locust

DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB

Richmond, Virginia.
Established 1887, 1923.
Recognized 1905.



Saturday, Nov. 29

A balmy day, dry underfoot, and the drag line was laid over the Pet Park course.

Before any reader reaches the wrong conclusion, may we explain that this course is named after a cemetery for deceased animals which started in Henrico County a number of years ago.

Acting huntsman F. Willson Craigie took out a small pack and Dr. J. Asa Shield led the field of 18 Twelve carloads of spectators followed, representing four states.

The casts around the old Westwood golf course, across Monument Road through Poindexter's were uneventful. The line then ran around to Forest and Patterson, back through a big wheat field to Whitlock's on Three Chopt Road.

On this last cast spectators got a lovely view of the field galloping through the pines, with the hounds carrying the line, in full blast.

The line then ran through Smith's, followed by a long run through a big swamp to Broad Street Road at Pilgrim's Church. After two more casts, working homeward, darkness fell.

Saturday, Dec. 6

This is a tale more of a man hunt than a drag hunt.

Hounds met at the kennels and Huntsman Craigie sent them off in his most accomplished manner. Just

Sprouts where he holed. About a 15 minute run."

Thursday, Dec. 11

"Hounds met at Lima at 1:30. We drew the usual first cover—Yeardsley Hollow—from which 3 beautiful deer emerged together, galloping over the wire fence at the top of the hill. Due to Huntsman Crossan's extraordinary perception and quick thinking, only one hound broke to the deer (they were but a few hundred feet from the pack) and that hound was quickly brought back to the pack. To avoid any possible break to the deer scent, we moved very quickly to Mistle Swamp where a fox was put up. He ran straight to the Dohan property and circled their woods a number of times before straightening out in a run through the Dohan Orchard to the Prison Farms, through Brookmead, back through the Farm, and then direct to Locksley where we had to call off because of darkness—it being then 5:15. We had a good 1 3-4 hour run. What a hack home! It was 6:15 when Ann and Jim Cochran, Mr. Hunsberger and I reached the kennels (Virginia Borden was with us as far as her stable), hoarse from singing and laughing and stiff with cold."

Monday, Dec. 15

"Hounds left the kennels at 9:30. Our first cover was in back of Mrs. Fetterman's—a blank—from there we drew to Garrett Williamson's Lodge, where a fox was put up—apparently jumped—as hounds broke very fast and made 3 very steady, fast circles around the cover before crossing the road north of the Dam into Snake House where he made several more circles before hounds lost. There was some discussion about where the fox had gone under, and several holes involved but I honestly believe he out-smarted the pack."

I should sign these notes—M. L. G.—instead of P. G. J. J. G.

as he looked around for congratulations, things began to happen:

The pack split in two, some dashing helter-skeleter for a neighboring stable, others disappeared in dense woods far off the line which Ezzie "the Fox" had laid.

Huntsman and whips tore after them, but suddenly all went silent and nary hide nor hair of a hound could be found.

The huntsman then was faced with a dilemma. Neither master had shown up and acting master Jim Covington didn't know the course. For 20 minutes the hunt staff sweated and the field of 18 fretted. Craigie then decided that people on drag hunts hunt to ride rather than ride to hunt so left his whips to consult a crystal ball for the whereabouts of the pack and told the field to follow him.

Mounted on a black mare of uncertain ancestry but demonstrable speed and fencing ability, the huntsman gave the impatient riders a bit of cross country that made Paul Revere's dash seem like a park canter.

When it was over, however, all said that it was the best day's sport of the year.

It was brought out in a post-mortem that five novice riders, not on the hunt, had followed the drag boy unseen by the hunt staff and after completely foiling the line had gone wandering through the woods in an opposite direction. The hounds evidently were guilty of running the horses instead of the line.

Saturday, Dec. 13

Time: 2:30 P. M. Temperature: 34. Weather: Raining in torrents, with a strong wind.

Dr. Shield, immaculate in pink, looked out of the tack room, smiled, and observed: "A lovely day for a hunt, gentlemen."

Now Dr. Shield is a psychiatrist, trained to examine the mental failings of others. It never occurred to us three humble gentlemen to whom he spoke that maybe we ought to reverse the process! Instead, we meekly agreed, ordered our horses and set forth.

A cast at Plageman's store and we were off. It did not take long for us to know we were in for something. Creek beds which had been dry a week before were filled to overflowing and the rain doubled in intensity.

On the second cast the huntsman's hat, size 8 1-4, blew off, sailed through the air and wedged completely and tightly over Walter Craigie's face. Congo Rhythm was bucking in that cute sun-fishing manner of his so Walter was unable to take either hand off the reins and

Continued on Page Three

SPORTING BOOKS

AMERICAN RACE HORSES 1941.
A Review of the Breeding and Performances of the outstanding Thoroughbreds of the year engaged in Racing, Steeplechasing and Hunt Races. By John Hervey. \$ 7.50

AMERICAN SPORTING SCENE.
By John Keiran. Profusely illustrated in colour by J. W. Golinkin. New York: 1941. \$ 5.00
Edition de Luxe \$10.00

THE COACHING CLUB. Its History, Records and Activities, 1875-1934. By Reginald W. Rives. Illustrated with upwards of 250 pictures. 4to, cloth. New York: Privately Printed. 1935. \$30.00

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The Sporting Calendar

Racing Calendar

DECEMBER

1. for 52 Sundays. Agua Caliente, Baja California Jockey Club, Mexico.
 31-Mar. 16. Santa Anita Park, Los Angeles Turf Club, Arcadia, Cal.
 California Breeders Champion Stakes, 1 ml., 2-year-olds; Cal.-bred, Wed., Dec. 31.
 \$20,000 Added
 San Gabriel 'Cap, 6 f., 3 & up; Thurs., Jan. 1
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Susana Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-old fillies; Sat., Jan. 3
 \$10,000 Added
 San Felipe Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-old colts and geldings; Sat., Jan. 3
 \$10,000 Added
 San Marcos 'Cap, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up; Sat., Jan. 17
 \$25,000 Added
 San Pasqual 'Cap, 7 f., 3-year-olds; Sat., Jan. 24
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Margarita 'Cap, 1 ml., 3 & up, fillies and mares; Sat., Jan. 24
 \$10,000 Added
 San Vicente 'Cap, 1 ml., 3-year-olds; Sat., Feb. 7
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Catalina 'Cap, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Cal.-bred, Sat., Feb. 14
 \$20,000 Added
 San Carlos 'Cap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 21
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Anita Derby, 1 1/4 ml., 3-year-olds; Wed., Feb. 25
 \$50,000 Added
 San Antonio 'Cap, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 28
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Maria Stakes, 3 1/2 f., 2-year-olds, Cal.-bred, Wed., Mar. 4
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Anita 'Cap, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 7
 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Barbara Stakes, 3 1/2 f., 2-year-olds, Wed., Mar. 11
 \$10,000 Added
 San Juan Capistrano 'Cap, 1 7-16, 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 14
 \$50,000 Added
 San Fernando, conditions and dist. to be announced Feb. 28, 3 & up, Wed., Mar. 16
 \$10,000 Added
 20-Jan. 13. Tropical Park, Winter Meeting, Gables Racing Assn., Coral Gables, Fla.
 Inaugural Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Dec. 20
 \$2,500 Added
 The Kendall, 1 ml. & 70 yds, 3 & up, Mon., Dec. 22
 \$1,200 Purses
 The Okeechobee, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., Dec. 23
 \$1,200 Purses
 The Christmas Eve, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Dec. 24
 \$1,200 Purses
 Christmas Handicap, 1 ml. 70 yds, 3 & up, Thurs., Dec. 25
 \$2,500 Added
 The Dania, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Fri., Dec. 26
 \$1,200 Purses
 Key West Handicap, 6 f., 2-year-olds, Sat., Dec. 27
 \$1,200 Purses
 The Miami Shores, 6 f., 3 & up, Mon., Dec. 29
 \$1,200 Purses
 The Pompano, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Tues., Dec. 29
 \$1,200 Purses
 The New Year's Eve, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., Dec. 31
 \$1,200 Purses
 Orange Bowl Handicap, 3 & up, 1 1-16 ml., Thurs., Jan. 1
 \$2,500 Added
 Winter Handicap, 3 & up, 6 f., Sat., Jan. 3
 \$2,500 Added
 Defense Handicap, 3 & up, 1 1/4 ml., Sat., Jan. 10
 \$3,000 Added
 (All above handicaps overnight)
 25-Feb. 17. Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Assn.
 Pontchartrain Handicap, Christmas Day, Dec. 25
 \$2,500 Added
 (Address all communications to Fair Grounds Race Course, New Orleans, La., Sylvester W. Labrot, Chairman).

JANUARY

- 14-Mar. 7. Hialeah Park, Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Miami, Fla.
 Hialeah Park, Inaugural Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., Jan. 14. (close Nov. 15)
 \$5,000 Added
 Hialeah Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-olds, Sat., Jan. 17
 \$5,000 Added
 Palm Beach Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 24
 \$5,000 Added
 Miami Beach Handicap, 1 1-16 ml., on turf, 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 31
 \$5,000 Added
 Bahamas Handicap, 7 f., 3-year-olds, Sat., Feb. 7
 \$5,000 Added
 Evening Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Sat., Feb. 14
 \$5,000 Added
 McLennan Memorial Handicap, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 21. (close Nov. 15)
 \$10,000 Added
 Flamingo Stakes, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 28. (close Nov. 15)
 \$25,000 Added
 Black Helen Handicap, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Mon., Mar. 2. (close Nov. 15)
 \$10,000 Added
 Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, 3 f., 2-year-olds, Sat., Mar. 7
 \$5,000 Added
 Widener Handicap, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 7. (close Nov. 15)
 \$50,000 Added
 (Stakes close approximately one week prior to date of running, unless otherwise stated)

FEBRUARY

- 23-Mar. 28—Oaklawn Park Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

MARCH

- 9-April 10—Tropical Park, Gables Racing Assn., Fla. 29 days.
 16-April 5—Bay Meadows, California Jockey Club, Inc., San Mateo, Calif. 20 days.

APRIL

- 11-May 8—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. 24 days.
 10-May 27—Tanforan Co. Ltd., San Bruno, Calif. 41 days.
 25-May 16—Churchill Downs-Latonia, Inc., Louisville, Ky. 19 days.
 23-May 16—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 19 days.

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VICMEAD HUNT

Wilmington, R. F. D. 1,
Delaware.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1924.



Despite drought and warm weather, the Vicmead season to date has probably been the best in the history of the hunt. Foxes are plentiful and with the vast country which has been opened south of the Delaware-Chesapeake Canal, entirely different countries may be hunted 3 days a week or more.

The country south of the canal encompasses what was known in the 18th and early 19th centuries as Bohemia Manor and reaches far into the eastern shore of Maryland. It is a moderately flat, rich farming soil; much of it cultivated, but a large part in pasture. The region has been extensively and successfully farmed for many years, and the fields and pastures are extremely large, creating ideal conditions for galloping behind a fast pack.

It was undoubtedly with this country in mind that the Master, Mr. J. Simpson Dean, began 6 or 7 years ago to speed up the pack. It is doubtful whether any pack in the country can match the Vicmead for speed and drive when a fox is pushed from covert "below the Canal."

Incidentally extensive panelling and the building of elaborate rides have progressively opened up more and more of this country each year. Hounds have hunted there at least once a week through October and November and have almost invariably given 40 minutes or more of continuously fast hunting.

Saturday, Dec. 6

Hounds met at the Schoolhouse

MAY

- 1-30—Garden State Racing Assn., Camden, N. J. 26 days.
 9-June 6—Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Elmont, L. I., N. Y. 25 days.
 18-June 27—Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 30 days.
 23-30—Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
 29-July 30—Hollywood Park, Hollywood Turf Club, Inglewood, Calif. 54 days.
 30-July 4—Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. (No racing Mondays). 28 days.

JUNE

- 1-8—Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
 8-30—Aqueduct, Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I., N. Y. 20 days.
 9-16—Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
 17-24—Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
 22-Aug. 1—Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 36 days.
 25-July 2—Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

JULY

- 1-25—Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y. 22 days.
 4-20—Fort Erie, Niagara Racing Assn., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. 14 days.
 27-Aug. 29—Saratoga Assn., for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. 30 days.

AUGUST

- 1-3—Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.
 1-Sept. 7—Del Mar Turf Club, Del Mar, Cal. 32 days.
 3-Sept. 7—Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 31 days.
 17-Sept. 12—Garden State Racing Assn., Camden, N. J. 24 days.
 22-Sept. 7—Stamford Park, Belleville Driving and Athletic Assn., Lt., Niagara Falls, Ont. 14 days.

- 23-Oct. 16—Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. (No racing Mondays, Sept. 7 excepted). 32 days.

- 31-Sept. 16—Aqueduct, Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I., N. Y. 15 days.

SEPTEMBER

- 9-Oct. 17—Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Assn., Cicero, Ill. 34 days.

Hunter Trial Calendar

FEBRUARY

- 23—Camden Hunter Trials, Camden, S. C.

Horse Show Calendar

DECEMBER

- 27—Metropolitan Equestrian Club, New York.
 28—Secor Farms Show.

JANUARY

- 3—Ox Ridge Annual Winter Show.

FEBRUARY

- 20-21—The Virginians' Horse Show, Camden, S. C.

MAY

- 30—2nd Annual Lakemont Horse Show, Lakemont, N. Y.

on Mr. Ross' Limestone Road property in the upper country at one o'clock. After drawing blank the coverts near the stables, hounds were taken through the northerly part of Mr. Ross' property where several foxes were found, but scent was apparently non-existent outside of covert.

In the course of drawing these coverts, one fox was chopped in the open. He proved to be mangey and apparently was asleep when found. Hounds were then taken across the Limestone Road and drew through Mr. du Pont's property to the small pines near Knotts' Woods. Here hounds found immediately and pushed a fox through Jester's Woods making a deep circle before turning left-handed through the pastures lying east of Mr. Eugene du Pont's stable.

Hounds checked briefly in the swamp below the stables, the fox having turned back towards his home covert. Hounds quickly took up the line and pressed the fox closely in full view of the field all the way back to the pines. There are general earths in these pines where the fox might have just managed to go to ground, but strangely enough he sought out a small nest fashioned out of honey suckle vines where he apparently had been lying when found. Hounds killed immediately to the regret of many who felt that the fox had earned safety by a small but decisive margin.

It is hard to understand what motivated the fox in going back to an obviously unsafe place for shelter. As it was getting dark, and the run had been extremely fast, hounds were taken in.—V—

Deep Run

Continued from Page Two

went cavorting across a field entirely blindfolded.

Down through a sand trap on an old golf course went the pair. Muffled curses of unprintable character caused Dr. Shield (who thought the whole thing very funny) to explode with laughter. After a series of neck gyrations which defy description, the hat went sailing again and all was well.

But not for long. Walter had volunteered to help brother Willson with the hounds. After Congo bucked three times going down a hill, the last time putting him squarely in the middle of the pack and breaking a hound's leg Walter got fired.

Thoroughly chastened, the huntsman's little brother withdrew far to the rear and finished the afternoon in a rear guard action.

For anyone interested in geography, the line recrossed Broad Street Road, circled back through Schaa's, thence by Pilgrim's Church to R. A. Smith's on Skipwith Road. Three more casts via Whitlock's, Badenoch's and Overlook ended the voyage.

In summary it might have been termed a cross between a swimming meet and a polar expedition.—W. C.

Continued on Page Six

COMMISSION AGENTS—SALES MANAGERS

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Man-O-War
REMEDY COMPANY
LIMA, PA.
Complete Line of Veterinary Remedies

The Horseman's News

Brookmeade Sire Okapi Tops List Of Eastern Breds

Jungle Moon Wins Feature At Charles Town Jockey Club Finale

Due to mail congestion and delay, The Chronicle is only able to report on the successes of Eastern Sires during Dec. 17-22 inclusive. This short week has shown an appreciable slump in number of winners as well as money won. In the final few days of the 1941 season there were but Charles Town and Tropical Park operating. Eastern-bred winners, however, reported to the winner's circle in Havana and Agua Caliente Sunday racing.

The Waterford handicap, the feature of the final day at Charles Town, was taken down by a sparkling effort on the part of the Okapi gelding, **Jungle Moon**. This 4-year-old showed a liking for the 1 1-8 mile distance, moving to the top in the last quarter and won like a good one. **Jungle Moon** sporting the silks of J. Sands made this his 3rd purse at the recent Charles Town meeting, winning last Saturday on a heavy track. **Okapi**, the Brookmeade Farm

sire, recent bolster to the eastern sire list, had another winner at 1 1-8 mile in **Kap's Answer**, also the sprinter **Alseleda** at Charles Town.

Never Home, an 8-year-old **Tournament II** daughter, seems to display her best form about the "finest 6 f. track in America." She won her 2nd at the recent Charles Town meeting on Dec. 17 in the claiming ranks. She had previously accounted for 3 victories at the summer meet and her latest made it 7 victories for the season, of which 6 were in allowances.

On the opening day at Tropical Park last Saturday, Dec. 20, the Maryland-bred **My Shadow**, 5-year-old daughter of **Ladkin**, scored in a claiming effort in 1 mile and 70 yards to grab off the winner's share of a \$1,000 purse. **Ladkin** is a recent addition to the proud court of thoroughbred sires at the Front Royal Remount Depot.

Virginia-bred winners were outstanding for the week as 14 progeny accounted for purses totalling \$6,200 with Maryland-bred winners numbering 2 and New Jersey-breds 1. There were 17 Eastern-bred winners during the period reported upon.

CLAPTRAP (Va.)
Mow You Down, 3, b. g. (Lady Glassen, by Escoba), Ha., Dec. 20, 6 f., 3 & up, mdns., cl., 1.16 \$ 125

DR. FREELAND (Va.)
Ring Up, 3, b. c. (Margaret Scott, by Ladkin), CT., Dec. 20, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1.23 \$ 425

FLAG POLE (Va.)
Flag Etta, 5, b. m. (Junetta, by Junlor), CT., Dec. 17, 7 f., 3 & up, cl., 1.29 2-5 \$ 425

KANTAR (Md.)
Docket, 3, b. g. (Portever, by The Porter), CT., Dec. 20, 6½ f., 3 & up, cl., 1.25 4-5 \$ 425

LADKIN (Va.)
My Shadow, 5, ch. m. (Tuckahoe, by Sir Greysteel), TrP., Dec. 20, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, cl., 1.46 1-5 \$ 700

MOWLEE (Md.)
Walter Haight, 2, b. c. (Noras Grace, by Lantados), CT., Dec. 19, 7 f., 2-yr-olds, allow., 1.30 3-5 \$ 425

OKAPI (Va.)
Alseleda, 4, dk. b. g. (Camay, by Jusqu'au Bout), CT., Dec. 18, 4½ f., 3 & up, cl., .52 \$ 350

Jungle Moon, 4, br. g. (Moon Dove, by Uncle), CT., Dec. 20, 1½ ml., 3 & up, esp., 2.01 1-5 \$ 700

Kap's Answer, 4, br. g. (Dusty Answer, by Tryster), AgC., Dec. 21, 1½ ml., 3 & up, allow., 1.53 2-5 \$ 425

OMAR KHAYYAM (Va.)
Rippling On, 3, ch. f. (Rippling Crimp, by Crimper), CT., Dec. 19, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, cl., 1.53 3-5 \$ 425

PILATE (Va.)
Four Bagger, 6, ch. m. (Hustle Home, by Hustle On), Ha., Dec. 18, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1.15 4-5 \$ 125

SUN BEAU (Va.)
Two Ply, 4, b. g. (Fritters, by Friar Marcus), CT., Dec. 18, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, cl., 1.52 4-5 \$ 425

STROLLING PLAYER (Va.)
Strolling In, 3, b. f. (Memorina, by Bright Knight), TrP., Dec. 22, 6 f., 3-yr-olds, allow., 1.11 2-5 \$ 700

SUN MEADOW (Va.)
Queen Meadow, 4, b. f. (Onemore Time, by Ed Crump), CT., Dec. 18, 4½ f., 3 & up, cl., .53 2-5 \$ 350

TOURNAMENT II (N. J.)
Never Home, 8, dk. gr. m. (My Idol, by Superman), CT., Dec. 17, 4½ f., 3 & up, cl., .53 1-5 \$ 350

WESTWICK (Va.)
Tiny Trick, 4, b. g. (Tricky, by Trap Rock), CT., Dec. 17, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, cl., 1.53 \$ 425

Tiny Trick, 4, b. g. (Tricky, by Trap Rock), CT., Dec. 19, 1 1-16 ml., all ages, cl., 1.52 3-5 \$ 600

Alas Outstanding

Continued from Page One

last month. Miss du Pont proved as expert a showman as a rider and her Playfellow gelding's honors were well and deservedly won.

Honorable mention must go of necessity to Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry's **Cornish Hills**, winner of innumerable tricolors in Virginia, New Jersey and Long Island. But most notably the Warrenton laurels. He was not shown indoors.

Mr. and Mrs. George Watts Hill's delightful mare, **Inky**, with championships at Washington, D. C., where she beat **Cornish Hills**, and a variety of other tricolors and reserves, from South Carolina north, was the challenger to **Woodfellow's Garden** crown to conclude her season, gaining the reserve there.

Martin Vogel, Jr.'s **Demas** commenced his season early, down at Lynchburg, Va., worked his way north, won his most coveted honor of the season in the Piping Rock Horse Show, only to have the judges' decision rescinded, due to a mathematical formula, that Morton W. Smith's rugged and mannered **Ballela** was this champion. **Demas** succeeded **Ballela** as reserve. This decision was made some weeks after the show.

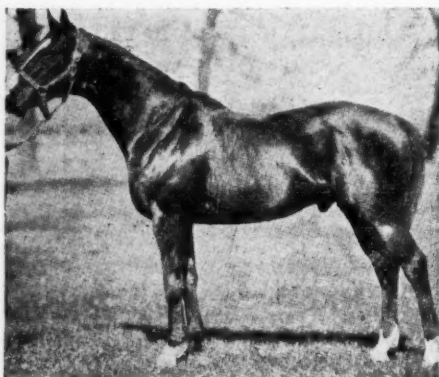
A tricolor summary of all the shows covered by The Chronicle will be published shortly.

Rockridge Farm Stallions

TIME MAKER

B., 1925

His progeny have won nearly \$400,000 in 1st monies to November 1, 1941. Brother to ISLAM, BUNYORA and PORTER'S DREAM.



By THE PORTER—DREAM OF ALLAH, by COLIN.
16.1 Hands. 1,300 Pounds.

TIME MAKER is one of the best sons of THE PORTER, one of America's most successful sires. TIME MAKER is a brother in blood to ROSEMONT.

DREAM OF ALLAH, only out of money twice in 13 starts, was by the unbeaten COLIN.

TIME MAKER had 8 two-year-old winners in 1937, 8 in 1938, including HEATHER TIME and TIME ALONE. He got TIME SUPPLY, winner of some \$150,000 from his 1st crop.

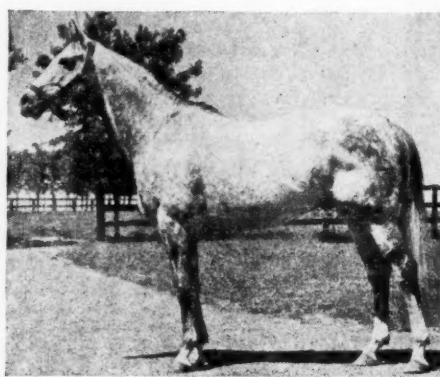
TIME MAKER was the leading Virginia juvenile sire in 1938.

Fee, \$300—Return

Imp. GINO

Gr., 1930

Sire of 32 winners out of 35 starters from his 1st three crops. A stake winner, producer of stakes winners. Sire of 17 two-year-old winners in 1939-1940.



By TETRATAMA—TERESINA by TRACERY.
16.2 Hands. 1,300 Pounds.

*GINO was the sire of 27 winners in 64 races for \$49,120 in 1940; was 8th in standing among 20 leading Eastern sires in 1940.

*GINO, through November 1, 1941, had 26 winners of 64 races, ranking among top winning sires of the East. He was a winner in England at 2 and 3.

*GINO's sire, TETRATAMA and his grand sire THE TETRARCH, were unbeaten 2-year-olds, the latter often referred to as one of the fastest horses of all time.

TERESINA was a superb stayer, a stakes winner at 1½ to 2 miles and 5 furlongs.

Fee, \$500—Return

CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930

(Property of J. H. Wilson)

A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.



By *HOURLESS—*CLONAKILTY, by CATMINT.
16.0½ Hands. 1,250 Pounds.

CHARLEY O. with limited opportunities in Kentucky came to Virginia in the late season of 1941. With only 6 mares sent to his court, all are proven to be in foal.

CHARLEY O.'s winners have won over a distance. CHARLEY O. won Florida Derby (by 3 lengths, 118 lbs., 1½ miles, in 1:49 3-5); finished 3rd to BROKERS TIP and HEAD PLAY in Kentucky Derby.

*CLONAKILTY won and produced MIKE HALL, brother to CHARLEY O., winner of 19 races and \$213,420, including Agua Caliente Handicap, Latonia Cup twice and others, and setting new American record of 3:48 3-5 for 2½ miles.

Fee, \$100—Return

Ample Facilities For Visiting Mares

APPLY DAVID N. RUST, JR.

Rockridge Farm, 3 miles east of Leesburg, Va., on the Leesburg-Washington Turnpike, Loudoun County, Virginia. Telephone: 33-W-1

or 1516 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Telephone: DI-2364.

JAMES H. WILSON, 5555 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Thoroughbreds By Salvator

Continued from Page One

found out that in time of war, and great anxiety, depression and danger, affecting the entire public, diversion, and upon a large scale, is an absolute necessity in order to maintain their morale, distract their minds from constant brooding upon dangers, misfortunes and troubles, and give them something more exhilarating to think of.

As a sanative measure it was also recognized that out-door sports were beyond comparison the most effective, especially those in which large bodies of people could gather together, acquire hope, strength and confidence from their mere numbers and, in a community spirit, find entertainment, relaxation and solace.

The turf not only affords this—it also affords, as abovesaid, a source of immense income for the carrying on of public affairs themselves. The difficulties of the ways and means committees in raising money for pressing purposes in war time, are notoriously great. To cut off one of the most certain and least oppressive ones would seem something only to be resorted to as a last and desperate resource.

It is beyond doubt that representations to this effect are being very strongly made to the Federal and the various state governments and there is reason to hope that they will not fall upon deaf ears.

Let us try to be both philosophical and optimistic and believe that in the end things will work out in a manner far different than the pessimists at present are predicting.

Under the circumstances, it would be well to reflect upon the time-tested adage:

"Nothing is ever so bad as it seems."

ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62,
Littleton,
Colorado.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



November 20

The M. F. H. dashed recklessly up to the kennels at 9:30 a. m. in a Buick Coupe, 1941 Model, with 123 H. P., convertible, electric top lowerer and lifter and everything. There was a field of 16 to meet him.

It was quite cold. The fast pack was out, 11 couples. They picked up a scent promptly and followed one coyote off and on for 1-2 hours. There were repeated short bursts of 3 to 10 minutes with two runs of 20 minutes each, separated by short checks. We finally lost the coyote in the rocks of Wildcat Mountain—our consistent nemesis. Figuring up the distance and adding 3 to it for good measure as the Laverick Wells huntsman always did, I arrived at the figure of 23 miles; don't ask how!

November 27

We met at the Kennels. A small field out at 2:30. We went north-west and inside of 10 minutes a competent hound picked up scent. He picked it up in what is known in the old English prints as a "rasper". It consists of scrub oak and if you should dash into it on the theory that you might win through to the other side, instead of following the cattle tracks, your blighted corpse would later be retrieved minus, perchance, the head or some other member (St. Paul). Five years ago a

good-looking boy of about 17, more or less familiar with horses but not hunting, dashed into one such at a gallop. He stopped instantly, as does a fly in landing on sticky fly paper. His yells were, as a stableman called it, "heart rendering". He was a fresh youth who's attitude of effortless superiority had not endeared him to the regulars. As we galloped on his cries grew fainter. We heard he was subsequently rescued by members of his family. He did not come out again. It was generally felt to be one of the most heartening experiences we had encountered for a long time.

Back to the chase. We galloped along the cattle trails, through scrub, up the sides, over a ridge where we saw the speeding form of a large dog coyote, then out to the north, over several fences, then south up the slope of the Rim, a minor mountain. We went over the fence at the bottom, up the slope and the hounds had him. Jeanne Sinclair cut off at a diagonal and got there first. We had had a run of 40 minutes, with one check of a minute or so. Jeanne got the mask. We decided we had enough as darkness was due in 30 minutes.

My wife, playing patience, acknowledged my account of the hunt in her usual courteous way, with serene interjections, "So Heidi struck the top bar with her back foot? Dear, dear! Don't you think you ought to ride Louis or get another hunter? How about riding Dan, that horse with the evil face? Ned says if he isn't going to jump he'll buck you off first, and if he is going to jump he's the safest horse in the field. You don't think you'd better give up hunting? No? Well, do go out the next time and come back and tell me all about it, dear. Prue and Mary Belle and I just love to have all of you hunt and keep us informed."

November 30

We met at headquarters. A field of 22 in clear, cold weather. Our Huntsman, George Beeman, called cheerily to his hounds, "Get out o' that, Sampson, come on Penny-lope, good little bitch, etc." We went north from the house. Hounds went into cover. Another "good little bitch" almost at once plasters her infallible nose to the ground, emitted a yodel, and was off.

Was it a true line? Yes No? Perhaps! Definitely yes! Heads down and sterno erect, hounds hit it off. The huntsman's horn twanged loud and clear. He was in excellent voice. There is much favorable comment on the clarity of his notes, in the manner of people who feel something really good is ahead.

We went east at a fast clip. Fences loomed up and vanished as we got over panels. We turned south in line with a long draw. Another coyote dashed across the line. Several young hounds who went after him were sternly reprimanded.

A check of 3 minutes. We went back north then west. The going was very fast. We went down a slope into a sandy draw all out. When we had gone too far to hold up it appeared that the bank down which the Master, the Hon.-Secy. and Miss Blank were riding ended in a 4'-0" drop into the sand. The Hon.-Secy. sat down in his saddle and gave Heidi her head. She sailed! hit the sand, flew up the other side. Miss Blank preceded her horse into the draw from the neck where she had been riding. She landed in the sand and remounted. The Master, like a perfect gentleman, stopped and inquired. The Hon. Secy., overhauled the Colonel, who shouted "You ought to stop. You're an officer of the hunt. I can't." To his horse Rap

(a Virginian, sub): "Look out for that hole, you blighter." The Hon. Secy. responded: "You remember Dick Christian, under water in the Whissendine? His friend said to Nimrod: 'He may drown.' 'Possibly so,' said Nimrod, 'but the pace is too good to inquire.'"

The Master thundered by on Mulligan, a stunning horse anywhere. "She ain't hurt. She needs experience," he said. "By god, she's getting it," the colonel retorted.

The pace got too fast for conversation. We went over northwest towards the "holy land" (pocket gophers—more annoying than dangerous). We went east again by south. We wound up with the coyote making good his escape amid the rocks of Wildcat. We were out 2 1-2 hours, with 46 minutes of hard galloping interspersed by 3 checks of 2, 3 and 5 minutes. The "good little bitches" were all in. So were the horses. So were the riders.

We hacked 6 miles to headquarters. The high altitude (5500 ft.) and the fast going creates thirst, if nothing else. We attempted to assuage it—and with some success—at Chap Young's. A hunt breakfast—chicken curry, rice, chianti (American, of course),—protracts itself into the afternoon. The Colonel re-enacted Miss Blank's fall, with practical illustrated methods to prevent its recurrence. Several wives arrived and took their husbands home. We all went home. Darkness eventually brooded over the Highlands Ranch.

December 4.

Warm weather. 10 couple of hounds. A quick scent and a run of 15 minutes straight east from the kennels to the buffalo fence. Nothing more. The rest of the afternoon was spent in cursing the buffalo, the officials who keep the buffalo, the sentiment of a community which would have buffalo, the unpatriotic attitude of the donor of the park, etc.

December 9.

The meet was at the east entrance of Charlford, Charles Alfred Johnson's castle on Wildcat Mountain. All in all it was a very dull morning, but cool and sunny. There was a field of 18.

Hounds picked up only one scent in the country to the east of Daniels Park. The country is wonderful for galloping but has not been grazed for several years. There are no sheep, cattle, or even rabbits, with the result that the coyote population is very scarce.

Hounds gave tongue, then came a wavering blast from the huntsman's horn. Hounds had hit it off. So did we all. So particularly did young P. Grey (age 15). So did his horse, Sue—in appearance and disposition a lineal descendant of the famous Mulum in Parvo, ridden by the famous Mr. Sponge.

The pace got very hot. We went north over a fence. Sue, by a dexterous twist, shook her rider as she landed. The rider continued north. The mare went on a tangent, straight for hounds.

Overheard from J. Beeman, whip, as he rode her off: "You—half-bred goat. I wish you'd bust your—head on a post. You ain't no hunter. You're a radio performer."

Sue showing great determination and resource and eagerness for the chase, finally involved the efforts of 3 riders before she was separated from hounds.

Hounds had gone into a wide valley known as Lemon Valley. The going was very good. We rode up a very steep hill and the coyote went to ground almost before our eyes. We had galloped about 13 min-

GOLDENS BRIDGE HOUNDS, INC.

Rock Ridge Farm,
Brewster,
New York.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1925.



Saturday, Nov. 29

The field of 35 riders, out at Rock Ridge Farm on a beautiful late autumn day for the meeting of the Golden Bridge Hounds felt that the moisture in the ground produced by recent rains would aid scenting conditions, but they little realized that it would be a record day with every covert apparently providing a running fox.

The first cast on John Meldrum's property produced a fox running out of the swamp, and heading for Gilbert Lobdell's through Daniel Raymond's place, on to Battery Farm, and Charles Wallace's place where the pack split. Half of the pack went through Wallace's meadow in full cry on a hot line, then back to Salem Center where 3 deer jumped up directly in front of the pack, but their experience with deer in the kennel yard made them indifferent to venison, but for safety's sake they were lifted just as sly Reynard went to earth in Meldrum's woods.

Scenting conditions were ideal, and hounds found almost immediately on Edson Nichols' place, and the fox was viewed by the field as he crossed Walter Howe's farm, heading for Hardscrapple Road. He ran at top speed through Salem Center, through Rock Ridge Farms' race track, over Van Bommell's Meadow Lane Farm, and was lost on the hill near North Salem just as a frantic pony in a pasture launched an attack on hounds.

A fourth fox was jumped in the swamp on Bates' farm near Ridgebury, Conn., but he ran to a convenient earth in the hillside of George Gabel's wood. To complete the day, a 5th fox was found on Duncan Bulkeley's stone field near Bates' farm, and he provided an excellent view for the field as he circled around the same section several times before going to earth on Johnston's for the best day of sport for the season.

The 20 couple of American hounds hunted by Ben Funk, gave a good account, and proved beyond a doubt that they can drive a fox.

Saturday, Dec. 6

The meet at Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McKeon's Arigideen Farm in the Ridgebury section of Connecticut brought out many visiting riders from nearby sections. In the field of 50 with Mr. R. Laurence Parish. M. F. H. were: Gerard S. Smith of New Canaan, Dr. John McCreery of Greenwich, accompanied by his daughters, Misses Leland and Sheila; Misses Katherine and Barbara Thompson of Wilton, and Guy Carleton of Ridgefield. William Ewing and Mrs. Arthur Choate were back after a few days' hunting with W. Plunkett Stewart's Cheshire Hounds.

Shortly after the first cast a deer jumped up to upset everyone but the hounds. The pack displayed good hunting quality when they found a fox on Duncan Bulkeley's farm, and ran him for 40 minutes before he went to earth on the Mary Rich place.

Casting again on Eight Bells Farm hounds found, and ran their second fox for 35 minutes, but he went to earth in the hillside overlooking

Continued on Page Sixteen

tes without a check. We wandered around a while longer, but finally turned home. We went home vowed not to hunt Daniels Park again for a long time.—W. W. Grant.

PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS

Upperville, Fauquier County, Virginia.
Established 1840.
Recognized 1904.



Friday, Dec. 12

Them that waits gets! There were only a very few out (28) when hounds moved away from Christopher M. Greer, Jr.'s Old Welbourne. Truman Dodson had come up from his Farmington Hunt country, his one horse with 3 previous hunts this week in his 6 horse palatial pullman van, a guest of Mr. Greer's. Mrs. Cary Jackson was hunting again, rounding out a 10-day hunting visit to northern Virginia packs with Mrs. Howard Hanna, Jr. Mrs. Jackson was riding the well known **Powder House**, once of Chagrin Valley hunting.

It took a long time to get up the run of the day. Once hounds opened, seemingly in earnest, over back of Welbourne, after drawing thither and yon for upwards of 2 hours, from the 10 o'clock meeting time, but this fox, who had a straight neck at the out-set, doubled back and went to earth on a cliff above Goose Creek.

By 1:30, hounds were south of the macadam Winchester - Washington pike, drawing towards Grafton, which is always sure to hold. Dr. Randolph, M. F. H. said: "We met too early" as the ground had frozen fast during the night and the old "2 o'clock fox" axiom has worked well during the past years in Virginia, once it gets winter-time.

It was 20 minutes to 2, many were thinking of Mr. Greer's breakfast. Finally the host pulled out as well, and his guest's van was phoned for, that a 6-some went Old Welbourne way. Mrs. Hanna, Jr. had ill luck with horse-shoes in Virginia—they wouldn't stay on. Crossing into Grafton she spied her stable-head in her car, got him, with the aid of a wheel-wrench and an automobile jack-base, to clamp back a very loosened shoe, that she didn't miss what was to follow.

A Grafton fox put in a nice circle to the south, west, north and then went straight east, across the pike at Goose Creek, like they are wont to these days, a circle to Welbourne, and back to the pike by George Roberts Slater's, to lose hounds, twist 6-wheel truck trailers and diesel Greyhound buses. A day was called, it was 2:25 and the run was brisk.

A ride down the pike which darts through Piedmont country, and is the borderline between Orange County and Middleburg, running from

Upperville through Middleburg towards Washington, is an experience itself these days. Traffic brushes your shoulder at 40 to n'enty miles per. Your horse either flinches on sharp cracked stones of the shoulder or slithers on the oily smooth macadam surface.

This scribe rode 2½ miles from Goose Creek to Mrs. Tabb's Mill hill. First the sign denoting the creek (the Goose is above the Creek) amused. Someone had penciled a large "ME" after the word Goose on the sign. Then the litter of the roadside was picturesque, like a junk-pile. There's a constant line of litter, refuse strewn by motorists, all the way along the road. You can count an endless variety of objects. We jotted in our note-book while riding: 7 different brands of cigarette wrappers; 3 kinds of chewing gum wrappers, whiskey bottles, wine bottles, coca cola bottles, beer bottles, broken bottles, oil cans, beer cans, candy wrappers, cigar-stubs, busted inner-tubes, ice-cream boxes, paper cups, paper spoons, newspapers, magazines, paper, cardboard, kleenex, nails, bolts, nuts!

Is it a wonder then that hounds throw up their heads when crossing a busy thoroughfare pike, edged as it is with the droppings of the motoring public? If you don't believe it, slow down and look for yourself sometime, and then perhaps you'll think twice before casting waste to the winds while driving. We did!

Tuesday, Dec. 15

Hounds ran for almost an hour, after having moved off from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frost's "Frostland" at noon, and finding up by Dishman's Cross-roads shortly before one. There was ideal scenting conditions. A hot sun had considerably thawed the surface, frozen during the night that the ground and air were all but one in temperature.

"I'd give \$5 if they would run across Sandy's wheat", shouted T. Beatty Brown, as hounds went through the T. B. Davis' "Dinwidie Farm" for "Huntlands". Just as it seemed that hounds would fly straight across Colin "Sandy" MacLeod's seedlings and many of his friends were whooping with joy in hopes of shredding the Scotchman's wheat, our good running red pilot swerved back into the woodlands to the west, to carry to the creek side near Unison and lose hounds.

It was a good day, in rough country, much wire, and difficult jumping, but it was a gallop, and the 50 minutes, some said 55, others an hour, was all you wanted for a fit hunter. Hounds were flying! They went away so fast that Huntsman Atwell, who tends to lay back some distance this season, all but got left with the rest. That ever dynamic Whipper-in Irving Beavers saved the day though, for he knew the way through the wire on his own place, through Beaver Dam, and down to the other side of Billy Wright's, back of Mrs. Massey's to get with hounds. Then the hunt went on at the same quick pace, about a lazy-like figure eight, so that 9 or 10 miles were traversed.

Mr. Brown got away with Whipper-in Sammy Naul. The latter was on the good argosy Mr. and Mrs. William C. Langley gave to the Hunt last year, and he is as good as they come—there's nothing too big; he can stay with the best. Naul pulled to a gate, over 5'-0" and never laid a toe. There's no hanging up Mr. Brown and he went at it too, on a 4-year-old; carried the top half of the gate out into the next field with him, but never changed a stride.

Mrs. Patsy Rathborne Wilmerding

BRANDYWINE HOUNDS

"Brandywine Meadow Farm", West Chester, Pennsylvania.
Established 1892.
Recognized 1901.



Wednesday, Dec. 10

Hounds met at Mr. Thomas Clark's at Lenape at 10 A. M. Sky was overcast, wind S. W. later turning N. W. Temperature 34 rising to 42 degrees. Ground in good condition after a good rain last week. A field of about 20 were on hand. The M. F. H. Gilbert Mather hunted hounds, and Mrs. Mather, as usual, acting as fieldmaster.

There was no find until about 12:10 P. M. Hounds picked up the line of a fox in a cornfield west of Battin's woods near Corrinne and worked it across the Northbrook road to a small woodland where the fox must have been lying; for the pack went away like smoke. North across the Wawaset-Unionville road they flew, turning sharply west through a little thicket of Spruce trees and on to the edge of the Northbrook woods.

A slight check on the road east of Northbrook woods, but old Queen '32 made the line good south along the road for about 100 yards to a point where the fox had turned off the road. The pack hit it off with a crash. From now on it was hammer and tongs through the Northbrook woods, out over the hills through the Northbrook Barrens woods, straight on west over good grass fields, across the Glenhall road, where the field had a nice in-and-out, and on through a small cover and a corn field to the edge of the Embreeville-Unionville road. There he must have been turned by a passing motor for his line turned sharply back. The pack made the turn with scarcely a check and streamed away northeast toward Embreeville Woods.

It now certainly looked as though the fox intended to turn back in the direction from which he had come, but no. He was evidently a visitor for he turned west crossing the road at a point further on and made over the hills toward the Power Line and headed for the distant Laurels.

The pack came to a check at the crossing of the next road, a dirt one with a page-wire fence on the far side. A farmer in the field nearby called out that the fox must have gone into the culvert under the road. The master however felt that this fox was not the culvert seeking kind.

A cast down wind and then beyond the road recovered the line and they were off to the northwest once more. This was the last check and from there on they flew over a series of big hills and wooded valleys. It was fortunate that they were running into the wind as the nature of the country made it impossible to keep in close touch with hounds at this point. The fine volume of their cry, however, enabled all to main-

was the first in the pocket of Dr. A. C. Randolph as the master's horse refused a bad bar-way. Mr. Brown was there and he jumped down quickly to snag down the top bar. "I thought he'd fallen off", the keen side-saddle sister of Cocola Rathborne said later, as she tried to explain how she came to jump just when Mr. Brown put out his hand to grasp the top rail. It looked like a circus act—perfectly executed. Mrs. Wilmerding had just returned from a Maryland-Pennsylvania hunting trip, with her Washington-working husband. She drives down alone from the Nation's Capital, 50 miles, to go with Piedmont—real sporting!

tain contact with the pack. Hounds marked their fox to earth on a all-side in the open at 1:30 P. M. at a point 1-4 mile east of Doe Run. 19 1-2 couples of hounds were at the earth and the remaining hound joined the pack soon after they had started for home. As it was a good 2 hour hack back to the kennels, and as everyone was satisfied the master called it a day.

Among those out were Miss Josephine Mather, Miss Jane Mather, Mrs. John Harrison, S. Leonard Kent Jr., Miss Nancy Herman, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cornwell, Russell Downes, Miss Fanny McIlvain, Miss Mary Baldwin, Miss Betty McFarland, Kenneth Caswell, Mrs. Arthur Walker, and Thomas Pennell.

A look at the map showed that the "point" was just 6 miles, and the distance as hounds ran about 7.

M. M.

Continued on Page Fifteen

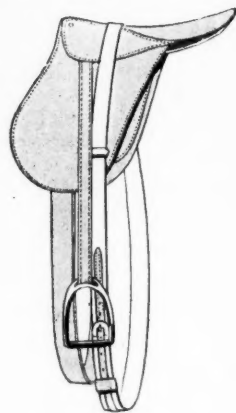
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A FOX'S CHRISTMAS

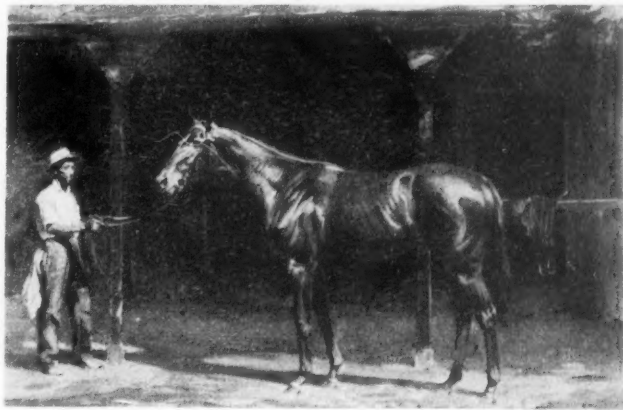


Hunting one day last season with Moore County Hounds, Mrs. W. J. Stratton, the sporting artist, heard Jackson Boyd, Master, say of a crooked running fox, "That fox must have his shoes on backwards." This remark gave Mrs. Stratton, who paints in the name of Patricia Herring Stratton, the idea of the amusing painting above of the fox and the leprechaun which The Chronicle takes pleasure in reproducing at this Christmas season. Mrs. Boyd was kind enough to photograph the original picture and forward it, after The Chronicle had the pleasure of a day with Moore County Hounds last March.

THE CHRONICLE CHRISTMAS MAIL BAG



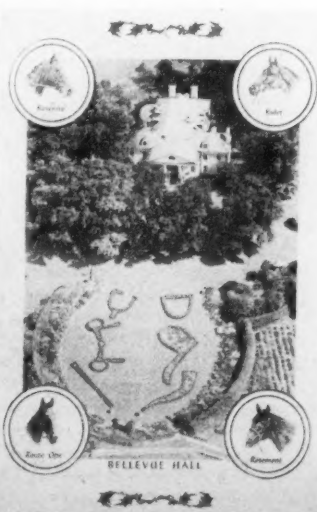
Hello! and best Christmas Wishes
Sallie Sexton



LEVEL BEST

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR

KATE OGLEBAY
ALSO
CRISPIN OGLEBAY



Merry Christmas----Montpelier

WHITEMARSH JUNIOR HUNT FINDS ENTHUSIASTIC FOLLOWERS
(All Photos by Steinmetz)



The Whitemarsh Junior Hunt at Flourtown, Pennsylvania, held 10 meets last year. The children conduct the whole show over a specially laid drag course and the young foxhunters in the Philadelphia area are receiving invaluable knowledge and confidence in horsemanship and hunting so that they may take their own lines in a few years and carry on the sport of foxhunting.



The first flight rides the line after Whitemarsh Drag Hounds. The great thing about these hunts is that it is a children's day and the youngsters don't have to take back for their elders. Whitemarsh has always had one of the fastest drag packs in the country and in a 15 mile square area but 30 minutes ride by automobile from Philadelphia some great drags have been laid over stiff fences. Business men hunt early and are in town by 9 o'clock.



Five youngsters "Gone to Earth" with a good day's sport behind them. The future of foxhunting rests in their hands, but right now they are more interested in tea and skittles and when they are going to have the next drag.

Younger Generation Taught To Carry On Foxhunting In Whitemarsh Junior Drag

Five Children On 5 Runaways Inaugurate Successful Junior Fixture In Philadelphia Hunting Country

By Augustus Stoughton Ballard

Five runaway horses carrying five frightened children in pursuit of a pack of hounds in control of an imperturbable master, William T. Fleming, M. F. H., all followed at a respectful distance by a shivering handful of adults who wondered why they were there—not an auspicious beginning for what has become one of the most successful children's hunts and an important fixture in the activities of a Philadelphia Hunt Club. That was the scene, however, on a bitter cold afternoon in January, 1934, when the Junior Drag of the Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club first met.

That first day the originators of the scheme, who included, in addition to the master, Mrs. Frederic L. Ballard and Mrs. Orville H. Bullitt, who had lured him into the undertaking, discovered many difficulties which lay between them and their goal. How were children, fairly capable of riding and jumping, to be taught behavior and etiquette in the hunting field? What of those anxious to participate but not yet able to jump? What of anxious parents eager to be assured that the sport was not dangerous? A multitude of other problems presented themselves, and it was Autumn before these members of Whitemarsh felt ready to try the idea again.

This time, cards of instruction were sent out, Mrs. Ballard acted as field master, and Mrs. Bullitt began a long term of arduous duty as leader of the non-jumpers. This second run found a considerable lessening of confusion and was followed by another later in the fall.

Progress was more rapid after that, six runs being scheduled in 1935, and ten every season from 1936 through 1940. Fifteen meets are on the card for this fall and winter. With Henry B. Cox, Jr., M. F. H., on active duty as a Captain in the Army, and Lieutenant Perry Benson and Lieutenant William Diston, two of the three whips of last year, also in the service, the Junior Drag Committee has received equally enthusiastic support from the Acting Master, Albert J. Nesbitt.

Open to all girls and boys of the surrounding countryside, the Whitemarsh Junior Drag usually meets with a field of about twenty-five, this total often being upped to half a hundred youngsters eager to follow hounds in the Christmas holidays. The entire Whitemarsh territory is covered in a season, and, notwithstanding the fact that practically all the barriers are lowered, the youngsters face not a few stiff runs on the Wednesday afternoons when the hounds meet.

One of the attractions which has appealed most to the children has been the tea which is held at the house of one of the ladies who volunteer to provide refreshments after every run. The drag is usually laid so that the scent ends but a few yards from the teapot and a welcome fire.

What has impressed and pleased the adult members of Whitemarsh as much as the pleasure which the children get out of the runs is the confidence it has given new members in the regular runs. Boys and girls now enter the adult field with adequate training, which tends to eliminate the elements of danger, confusion and irritation that too often accompany the beginner's first efforts. This idea of preparation for the regular Whitemarsh fixtures has been carried out to an even greater extent this year, with older children of the Junior Drag participating in the regular Saturday afternoon runs.

Not content with pushing their activities in the hunting field, the enthusiastic followers of the Whitemarsh Junior Drag have held, to date, two Junior Hunter Trials on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. W. West Frazier III, and are planning another one this fall. There are events for all ages and capabilities, and competition among the children is keen.

Mrs. Ballard, chairman of the Junior Hunt Committee, has acted as M. F. H. for the Junior Drag since its inception, with Norris S. Barratt, Jr., now assisting her as honorary whipper-in. Mrs. Perry Benson is treasurer. Other committee members

are Mrs. Bullitt, Mrs. Norris S. Barratt, Miss Julia B. Morris, Miss Ethel Benson, Mrs. S. Powel Griffiths and Mrs. Henry B. Cox, Jr.

With more fixtures on the junior card and a slight increase in cap fees, the Junior Hunt Committee has been able, year by year, to make an increasing contribution to the master's fund, which is increasingly welcome in these years when so many members of the adult field are on active duty in the Army or Navy.

As the Junior Drag enters its eighth season, children as young as ten years old are being trained in the ways of hunting and having instilled in their hearts a permanent love of the sport. At a time when the call of colors has seriously depleted the ranks of all clubs, their enthusiasm, as expressed in projects such as the one conducted by Whitemarsh, is an invaluable aid in carrying on the traditions of hound and horn.



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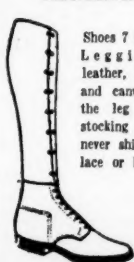
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The Chronicle

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All editorial communications should be mailed to Middleburg, Virginia.

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Editorials

SPORT'S TASK IN 1942

The New Year faces each one of us fairly and squarely with the war each one of us is going to have to help to win before each can go his way again. Those who pass up their responsibility in this year 1942 only help to put off the day when once more the people of America, each of us can have a sigh of relief and say, "That is over, the biggest and hardest job we will ever have to do, and the worst, and now for better things."

Those who love sport are keen to put their shoulder to the wheel and many in their enthusiasm of the moment wish to rush ahead without some plan of how best the activity of everyone may be brought to bear with the greatest impetus. In the presence of an enemy bent on our country's destruction, it is hard to remember that this battle is going to be won by clear, hard planning, that will bring victory not today nor tomorrow, but months, maybe years from now. It is going to take infinite patience, generosity and suffering before peace over the earth is at length declared, and the strain on everyone will exact its toll.

Knowing these things, it is timely to ask, What about sport? But the answer is self evident. Sport has a far more important part to play today than it had before the war was declared for now sport has an obligation to perform. It must go on that the country can keep its sanity, its balance in a time when the whole world is off balance. What about hunting? What about horse shows? What about steeplechasing and racing? What about the thoroughbred horse? What are all these fine things going to do in war time? They must go on. Better and harder and with more purpose than ever before for now sport can help win a war.

If these things were instantly given up all over the country there would be such a black-out of public morale that people would be left stagnating for want of something to keep their minds and hearts clear and bright for the work to be done. The greatest minds of all times, the most energetic bodies, must have rest, must have relaxation. If sport was given up, what would men and women do who now are depending on it to take their minds off their problems, to give them the balance to know how to decide these problems on the morrow. Some other form of relaxation would be found, and yet is there any better, healthier relaxation than sport?

Instead of turning to the fields and streams, to the show ring or race track and the open air, men whose strength of mind and body must win this war would turn to moving picture houses, cards or fretting for the end when the end is not even in sight.

Every sport has its place in America today. If any sport injures or impairs defense efforts, it will be closed quickly enough, but each one knows what sport means to them, how many happy hours sport can give and now, when happy hours are all too few for many, the very things that would have to be organized by national effort, if sport was not in existence to provide it, are already here to be used in the emergency.

Foxhunting can go on until there is a shortage of food for hounds and horses and this possibility seems most remote. Hounds will not bankrupt the nation's food supply. It will be far easier to bankrupt nerves and impair health by overwork in war preparation than it will be to injure our supplies with what is being fed horse and hound. Thousands can turn to hunting, horse shows and race meetings for an afternoon's enjoyment. There are plenty of men and women who are not able to do active war work who can keep the great field sports going in wartime for others to enjoy.

The problem of sport is not "When and how should sport be stopped, but where and how can sport be brought to more people who can benefit by a day's enjoyment of it when the opportunity presents itself to rest from war work. Fox hunts could be organized for men in the service; instead of charging capping fees to officers and enlisted men, let them have hunts free. Let men in uniform come to shows and race meetings without paying for them. Let the soldiers who have to go to war, have all the sport they can before they go. Life is hard, complicated, worrisome. Let's not make it worse, by stopping the very things that men find joy in living for. Sport must go on for sport can be made useful.

Letters to the Editor

Out Of The Blue

August 11th, 1941.

Mr. A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H.
c-o The Chronicle
Middleburg, Va.

Dear Mr. Higginson—

"I haven't the foggiest notion where to reach you, so I am sending you this care of the 'Chronicle' just to tell you how much I enjoyed reading 'Old Men and Maidens'. I am not perhaps quite as old as you, but I too look up rather wistfully at the fox-masks from across the seas which adorn the walls of my home here in Rome, and at my one and only horn—which, alas, I never learnt to blow as well as I knew how to ride! And I dream of all those happy days gone by—for though I am still a comparatively young woman, most of my best days were spent in the company of that older generation that is gone, and I remember, in particular, one wonderful evening at Madison Square Garden, where you were judging, and I won with the 'Glen Arden Hunt Team'—Margaret Thorne, Annette Robinson and I, and how I made up the sandwiches (in our cases) of caviar, to please you, and was frightened when you asked me to crack my thigh—which, like horn-blowing, never came easy to me!"

You will probably be amused at this letter out of the blue—but your 'Old Men and Maidens' is to blame! The title set me thinking of those who, I suppose, were old compared to me, but whom I always think of as eternally young. Life, in spite of the War, is very pleasant here and Rome a delightful place to live in, even in a black-out.

With kind regards, sincerely,
Lida Fleitmann Bloodgood."

Comic Relief

West Chester, Pa.
Dec. 15, 1941.

Dear Sir:

I note from your issue of December 5th that the veteran M. F. H. and sportsman A. Henry Higginson was not favorably impressed by the article by W. Newbold Ely, M. F. H. which appeared in the September 12th issue of "The Chronicle" under the caption, "Some Guiding Notes For Beginners In Hound Show".

Humorous articles no doubt impress some readers differently from others, and Mr. Higginson is, of course, entitled to his opinion of Newbold Ely's article. I feel impelled, however, to say that, far from regarding the article as being in bad taste, I thought it most delightful reading. It was, of course, intended to be humorous, and it carried out this intention most successfully. Indeed, I think it was one of the funniest things I have ever read. I thought so much of it that I cut it out and pasted it in my hunting diary as a measure of comic relief.

I am satisfied that foxhunters and Masters of Foxhounds in America take foxhunting and hound breeding seriously, perhaps too seriously at

times, and I know that Newbold Ely is no exception to this rule.

I believe, however, that it is a sign that a sport is in a healthy condition when its devotees can afford to make a bit of fun of it and of themselves.

As for my father, the late Charles E. Mather, I am quite sure that, were he living, he would have laughed most heartily over the article, and would in no sense have felt that his efforts toward the improvement of foxhounds were held up to ridicule.

I know of no one who has the best interests of foxhunting in America more closely at heart than has Newbold Ely. By his many articles, both serious and entertaining, which have appeared in several periodicals, he has done much to correct a number of misconceptions about foxhunting, and to overcome many prejudices against the sport which unfortunately exist in the minds of many people in this country. May "The Chronicle" continue frequently to print many articles, humorous and otherwise, from his pen.

Sincerely yours,
GILBERT MATHER.

Men In Service

Troop C. 104th Cavalry,
Indiantown Gap Military
Reservation, Penna.
Dec. 11, 1941.

Dear Sirs:

Kindly change my mailing address from Malvern, Pa.

Please be certain about this address. The Chronicle means so much to me and to many of the others in the service here that I would feel the loss very keenly if my copy went astray.

I assure you that I anticipate its arrival from week to week.

Thanking you very kindly, sincerely,

C. Barton Highman
P. F. C., U. S. A.

New Additions

Philadelphia, Pa.,
Dec. 16, 1941.

Gentlemen:

I cannot close without complimenting you upon the most recent number, in which the editorial, verse and new farmers' column seem to me of the highest caliber.

With best wishes for a prosperous future, I am

Very truly yours,
H. Justice Williams.

Japanese "Sportsmen"

New York, N. Y.
Dec. 17, 1941

Gentlemen:

How about The Chronicle starting a fund to buy a bomber, the gift of American Sportsmen to the "sportsmen" of Japan?

If it goes, count me in for some bucks.

All the best,

Anonymous.

Continued on Page Eleven

Letters to Editor

Continued from Page Ten

Why The Preliminary?

723 Yale Avenue
Swarthmore, Penna.
Dec. 12, 1941.

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for the editorial "More education in jumping horses" in your issue of December 5. It was a great pleasure and of much interest to read. It appealed to me that it might be of interest to those who so generously shoulder the burden for us of making the rules governing hunter classes at our horse shows.

In this same issue of The Chronicle there was a letter from Miss Deborah G. Rood on the matter of the rule governing the judging of hunter championships. As you ask for views and reactions to this I submit that a first requirement for analysis is an ascertainment or statement of the true facts. As Miss Rood has cited a specific case of the hunters **Playman** and **Chatter Chat** at Bryn Mawr I have looked the record up in the Bryn Mawr Horse Show Class Book of 1937 and find the record is:

Bryn Mawr Horse Show 1937
Class No. 72, Champion Middleweight Hunter. Horses up to carrying 180 pounds to hounds. Open to all First and Second prize winners of this and previous recognized shows, in Middle Weight Class. To be judged on manners, conformation and way of going at walk, trot, canter and gallop. Post Entry, Free, Champion Ribbon, Reserve Ribbon.
Playman, record, Blue in Class 35, Hunters in hand.
Blue in 39, Walk, Trot.
Nothing in 52, Open, Middle Weight.
Nothing in 54, Thoroughbred.
2nd as one of Pair, Class 63.
3rd as one of Team, Class 69.
Bond Street, 2nd in Class 35, In hand.
4th in 39, Walk, Trot.
4th in 52, Middle Weight, Open.
Nothing in 54, Thoroughbred.
4th in 58, Lady's, Special.
3rd in 60, Hunter Stake, Fox Hill Cup.
3rd in 61, Corinthian.
Chatter Chat, 3rd in 35, In hand.
3rd in 39, Walk, Trot.
1st in 52, Middle Weight, Open.
Nothing in 54, Thoroughbred.
Nothing in 50, Open to All.
4th in 57, Lady's, Outside.
4th in 60, Stake, Fox Hill Cup.
4th in 61, Corinthian.
4th in Class 62, Sweepstake, Radnor Challenge.
4th as one of Pair in Class 63.
1st as one of Team in Class 69.
Wilderkit, 4th in Class 35, In hand.
2nd in 46, Novice or Green, Middle Weight.
2nd in 52, Middle Weight, Open.
Gay Charles, no awards.
The Championship Ribbon was awarded to "Playman".
The Reserve Ribbon was awarded to "Chatter Chat".

There were 4 judges officiating in this class and all 4 signed their cards recording the above stated awards.

This seems to be a typical example of citing and adversely criticising awards without knowing and without taking the trouble to ascertain the true facts of the case.

I am sure it is eminently desirable to have everyone take interest in the awards made, discuss and analyse them and they will find it pleasant and instructive to do so and much to the advantage of all concerned. To do so with advantage however, I should say it is obvious that a reasonable knowledge should be had, or ascertained, of the actual facts in the case under discussion.

Miss Rood makes a plea for the "preliminary". I do not perceive that she has stated any advantage that may not be had by eliminating the "preliminary" and just having the championship with the statements of the prior awards as we always did before given to the judges.

If she must have the "preliminary" why the "half points"? Why so intensify our education in the rule of "fractions"?

Also, if we must have the "preliminary", why not allow everybody who qualifies to come in if they

Up To Date

West Point, N. Y.
Dec. 11, 1941.

Gentlemen:

I can never tell you how much I have enjoyed The Chronicle during my incarceration of 18 months. It has really kept me up to date.

Looking forward to some top days at Christmas,

As ever,

Clarke Baldwin
Cadet, U. S. M. A.

(Editor's Note: Cadet Baldwin has just finished his first year and a half at West Point, during which time there are no leaves or vacations. He may be recalled as the winner of the Warrenton Bowl, Point-to-Point, on his **Fibber McGee** in 1940. He entered West Point in June of that year.)

Promoting Jumping

Phoenix, Ariz., Box 1362
Dec. 12, 1941.

Gentlemen:

Here in Phoenix we have a driving club which organization desires to hold regular periodic exhibitions of various divisions du equine.

Some of the members who saddle their own horses, would like to create interest in jumpers, open jumpers, hunters, not made hunters, but prospects, hunter hacks; and they ask the question of you and of me, I am your subscriber, "How to create interest in jumping horses, to show"?

In this country we have no working hunters to speak of and not too much patronage, of course this is not a good galloping country. Did you ever have a problem like this, which you did solve satisfactorily?

I judge the number of horse owners, organized and unorganized, in proximity, would be 600, half of which ride their own horses for sport, of which 30 percent are not too particular about their necks, and of course would train their own horses, provided the means to awaken them could be found.

I await the estimate of the situation from you connoisseurs.

Sincerely,

J. Pat Cremin

(Editor's Note: Mr. Cremin's stationery has the following letter head: "Foxhunters Club of Arizona, Miss Ruth Harris, Master. Drag from January 20th to March 10th. Walker Hounds; running horses; chasing coyotes on the desert."—We have written to Mr. Cremin, suggesting that small jumping courses of very simple fences be put up, say 1'-0" to 2'-0" high to commence with, that those interested be urged to take part in schooling-shows, for which prizes be awarded, on the basis of both horsemanship and performance. If sufficient schooling shows be held, with the informal atmosphere of the gymkhana, everyone with a horse taking part, interest in jumping should soon be aroused. We also suggested that it is poor psychology to single out people on the basis of their personal value of their necks, for this cannot but have a retarding reaction at the very beginning, stressing hazard. Any horse will

wish? Why exclude anybody who has qualified?

Thanking you for your invitation to write and wishing you and your staff the compliments of the season.

St. George Bond

(Editor's Note: Mr. Bond has been secretary of Devon and Bryn Mawr Horse Shows for many years.)

jump safely, any rider can put a horse over a jump safely, providing neither attempts more than experience and ability permits with safety at the outset. A series of logs, say 1'-0" in height, placed 12'-0" to 15'-0" apart is a first step for the novice horse and rider—enabling the former to learn collection, gathering and spring, the latter the feel of a horse collecting himself, gathering and springing. Books and books have been written on the subject, the most recent of which is an excellent treatise for the beginner, a stimulant for anyone to be out and riding and learning the fundamentals of jumping and hunting. This is Littauer's and Thayer's "Be a Better Horseman", published by Derrydale Press. The Thayer illustrations are excellent. We would be delighted to hear from readers on further advice for Mr. Cremin).

Australian Jumping

December 5, 1941

Editor The Chronicle
Middleburg, Va.

Dear Sir,

Due to the recent correspondence you have received in regard to high jumping in the show ring. I am sending you a letter received by Horse and Hound on high jumping in Australia which I thought would be of interest to your readers.

Yours sincerely

A. Mackay Smith
White Post, Va.

Record High Jumping In Australia

Mr. R. A. Brown, secretary of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, sent me the following in a letter dated October 29th:—Sir,—I thought that readers of your journal would be interested to see the contents of a letter which has reached the National Horse Association from Northern Queensland, Australia, on the subject of high jumping. I might mention that the North Cairns Show Association has always been very interested in high jumping, and offer a special prize of £100 when the record is broken. The contests take place under very careful supervision, and the records established are officially recognised throughout Australia. From time to time the various Australian shows report to me, and I can supply a considerable amount of information as to records created and broken, and the careful supervision of the jumps, if any reader is interested. The official world's record of the International Federation is, I believe, 7 ft. 9.60 in. by Vol Av Vent in Paris in 1932, but this has, I think, been beaten many times in both Canada and Australia. The record for the ladies' high jump is 7 ft. 5 1-2 in., by a Miss Perry on **Plain Jane** in 1940, also in Australia. I append the letter I have received from Mr. W. A. Hooper, the secretary of the Cairns Show Association, Cairns, Northern Queensland:

"My purpose in communicating with you is to officially advise your Association that at our recent show (July) the Australian high jump record of 8 ft. 4 in. was broken and increased to 8 ft. 5 in. The new record was created on the third day of the show, July 24th, when two horses cleared this record jump. They were Mr. C. H. Perry's **Rukin Lass**, and Mrs. J. B. Blanckensee's **Peninsula**. The latter is a local horse, and this is the first time that a local horse has held the record. As usual the jump was subject to a very strict survey, and was measured both before and after the jump, and certified by a qualified surveyor. In the Open

Top Ranking Sire

Continued from Page One

list had 152 races won by 65 of his progeny.

The following are the 20 leading sires of 1941, through the racing of December 13, courtesy of The Blood-Horse, Lexington, Ky.

Leading Sires	Winners	Races	Money
1. *Blenheim II	22	64	\$337,755
2. *Sir Gallahad III	37	88-1	208,000
3. *Bull Dog	56	126-2	184,008
4. Equipolse	31	75-1	176,010
5. Black Servant	10	29	169,540
6. Man o'War	23	64-1	166,850
7. Sweep All	34	90-2	147,617
8. The Porter	33	64	146,715
9. Inco	44	106	135,240
10. Wise Counsellor	65	185-2	133,665
11. Chance Shot	35	81-1	126,285
12. Chance Play	29	79	125,975
13. *Pharamond II	24	110-2	122,143
14. Ariel	53	122-2	121,660
15. Questionnaire	34	85	121,470
16. *St. Germans	24	79	117,109
17. *Challenger II	27	86-1	116,365
18. Good Goods	6	23-1	114,230
19. Blue Larkspur	36	90-2	114,224
20. Flying Heels	65	152-2	107,076

Secondary figures indicate dead heats.

High Jump three horses successfully cleared 8 ft. 0 1-2 in., and the owners desired to cease jumping at this height and divide the prize money. The horses clearing this height were **Rukin Lass**, **Plain Bill**, and **Peninsula**. However, after a short consultation the Committee decided to force the contestants to jump it out, and the bar was raised one inch above the record. **Rukin Lass** was the first horse over and cleared it in the first attempt, although it was a bad jump. Having eclipsed the record with one of his horses, Mr. Perry decided not to jump the other, viz., **Plain Bill**. **Peninsula**, however, successfully cleared the bar in its first attempt, and this jump was a good one. The Committee then decided to allow the two successful competitors to divide the stakes, and, incidentally, they won £125 in prize money for the jump, and a further £100 for breaking the record. Horses in the northern circuit of shows this year were jumping particularly well, and at the show at Innisfail, a town situated about fifty to sixty miles from Cairns, **Rukin Lass** and **Peninsula** both broke the ground record of 7 ft., and increased it to 7 ft. 10 1-2 in. Both of these horses are particularly good jumpers, but neither of them is any better than **Plain Bill**.

Classified —ADS—

INCOME tax reports expertly compiled,—books audited. **Arthur Gartrell**, Middleburg, Va. Telephone 159. 11-c

POSITION OPEN FOR HORSEMEN, to take charge of horses on farm in Maryland, work involves some breeding and training of hunters. References required, write giving full particulars, **Box M. Chronicle**, Middleburg, Va. 12-19-21-chg.

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THOMAS HITCHCOCK, SR.

Some Recollections Of Mr. Hitchcock And The Work He Did In A Lifetime Devoted To The Interests Of The Horse In Sport

By Harry Worcester Smith

Editor's Note: As the steeplechasing year of 1941 comes to a close the final records of horses, riders and owners are being published to make permanent what they have been able to accomplish in their united effort to show sport. Thomas Hitchcock, Sr. was often called the dean of steeplechasing. No record for 1941 would be complete without a tribute to this great sportsman who did so much for the game throughout his lifetime and whose horses are carrying on and will carry on in the records for the years to come. We therefore publish this fine tribute to Mr. Hitchcock sent us by his good friend, Harry Worcester Smith, written shortly after Mr. Hitchcock's death.

The Druid, whose "Silk and Scarlet", "Saddle and Sirloln", "Post and Paddock", as the late Lord Rosebery said are "the gems of sporting literature in England", used to date prefaces in his books with words such as "Goodwood Cup Day", for perhaps he was staying at Goodwood, the guest of the Duke of Richmond or the latter's all-time friend and house guest, Lord George Cavendish Bentinck, M. P.

A few years ago I received from Walter S. Vosburgh a presentation copy of that rare volume "The Cherry and Black", being the history of Pierre Lorillard's racing in America and England. Mr. Vosburg, the author, was the well-known Handicapper of The Jockey Club who wrote the history of the Belmont Stakes, having seen the first Belmont run for at Jerome Park in 1866 and witnessed every other one until the year of his death.

The book told of the races of the cracks of the Rancocas Stud, **Parole** and **Iroquois**, the latter to this day the only American-bred winner of "The Blue Ribbon of The Turf".

Mr. Vosburgh wrote in a most charming way to his intimates and there are still many who remember his talented articles in the old "Spirit of the Times" signed 'Vigilant'. One of his letters to me, following the custom of "The Druid", was dated "Belmont Cup Day".

'HITCHCOCK DAY'

And now, following my superiors, I date these pages as it marks the passing of one of America's greatest sportsmen with horse and hound and on the polo field. And he bred one, as 'Young' Tommy shows.

There was no stauncher adherent of the American foxhound than the Master of the Meadow Brook Hunt, 1889, who had been educated at Oxford, England, and won the Christ Church Grinds riding his own hunter. Tommy was the greatest respecter of class whom I have ever met and no one could strip off the frills and furbelows and get down to the bone of a situation better than the late Master of the Meadow Brook Hunt.

He died at 80 years of age on September 29th at Broad Hollow Farm, that Mecca of American Sportsmen at Westbury, Long Island, in the arms of his old body servant Lewis who, when I went out to win the Meadow Brook Cup for Mr. Hitchcock in 1896, held the 'all-green' racing jacket for me.

Mr. Hitchcock founded the Meadow Brook colony at Westbury, being the first New York sportsman to buy a farm there, since so famous as Broad Hollow. There he not only taught his young thoroughbreds to jump in a corral but also worked them regularly over his mile grass track, or schooled them over a perfect jumping course within the above which bounded his private polo field.

With Mrs. Hitchcock, he also started the hunting, polo racing and trotting colony, now world-famous, at Aiken, South Carolina. There the weanlings which he purchased were nurtured, conditioned, schooled and trained through the winter at the farm, and later as two-year-olds were trained and schooled on The Ridge and Cuthbert tracks which, being made of sand, enabled the youngsters to work with hardly the loss of a day on account of hard ground.

It was "all work and no play" while staying at Mon Repos and Broad Hollow. Often the first string of four and five out at six-fifteen, breakfast at seven o'clock, the second string at seven-thirty, newspapers until eight-thirty and then a third string of older horses, or corral or paddock work teaching the horses to bend to the rein.

From 1896 to 1941, in 45 years, the writer enjoyed the lovely friendship of both Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock and their wonderful family, and also of Mrs. Hitchcock's aunt Miss Eustis, known as "Tante", a grande dame of old New Orleans.

A few years ago Mr. Hitchcock and I were driving to Belmont Park to see one of Tommy's home-trained cracks win the stake of the year later in the afternoon. Noticing the signs beside the road now and then—"Remember Thy God", "There is a Hereafter" and so forth, I turned to Tommy and said:

"What do you think?"

He reached over, put his hand on my knee and said.

"We will soon know Harry."

And now that keen eye, clear brain and stout heart, all of which strove to carry his body first to the winning post in any game he played, are still. Now he is gone to that Happy Hunting Ground which Mrs. Hitchcock wrote me about four days before her death in 1934, printed in my book "Life and Sport in Aiken, and Those Who Made It".

An old farmer, going by the coffin which contained the remains of Daniel Webster, the great American statesman, at the time of his funeral at Marshfield, Massachusetts, looking thoughtfully down on his face, slowly uttered the following words:

"Daniel Webster, the world will be lonely without you."

And surely now the sporting world on both sides of the Atlantic and

'Chasing Assn. Winds Up Year On January 8th

Complete List Of Owners, Trainers, Riders, Leases Published For 1941 Season

The annual meeting of the members of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association is to take place in the Association's offices on Thursday, January 8 at 3 o'clock, according to advise from Fred H. Parks, Secretary.

At the meeting held on Tuesday, Nov. 4, immediately following the 2nd race of the United Hunts Meeting, at Belmont Park, a letter from Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott in reference to the Saratoga steeplechase course was presented, and on motion, duly seconded, the chairman was instructed to reply to Mrs. Scott and express the unanimous approval of the board. Mrs. Scott is proprietress of the well known and successful Montpelier Stable, which stable had its share of winners this season in the training charge of W. G. Jones.

It was at this meeting of the stewards that the popular owner of steeplechasers, R. V. N. Gambrill, also well known beagler and chairman of the Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting, was unanimously elected a member of the N. S. and H. A.

On Thursday, Dec. 4, the stewards met again. A letter from F. Ambrose Clark, in reference to amending the present rule in regard to maidens was presented and read, and on motion, duly seconded, the chairman was instructed to reply to same. Mr. Clark is one of the 'chasing game's most ardent patrons. He was greatly instrumental in the inception of the highly successful maiden subscription steeplechase stakes, which have been run at Pimlico, Belmont and Delaware tracks during the past 2

down under in Australia and New Zealand will be lonely without Thomas Hitchcock.

"Dear Harry:

I may not write many more letters in this world so I will make it short and to the point.

When next we meet it may be in the Happy Hunting Ground. We have had many good hunts together and I hope may have many more.

Louise Hitchcock"

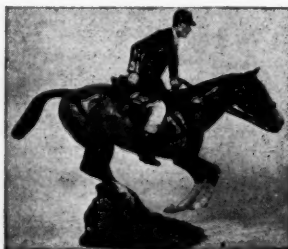
And now I know they are hunting together again.

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH.

September 30, 1941.

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Delay Of Hostile Advance

HUNTING WITH POTOMAC HOUNDS (MD.)
(Photos by Hugh Miller, Washington Post)



Potomac Hounds have been going regularly two days a week and all holidays, as usual this season since November 1. The hunt, with some 90 square miles in the Rockville, Maryland, area, was established in 1910 and recognized in 1931. It was formerly the Riding and Hunt Club, which name was changed in 1938. Huntsman Floyd Kane, professional, moves down the road with some of the 30 couple of American and cross-bred pack; Marshall Exnicios, honorary-whipper-in, Dr. Joseph Horgan, honorary-whipper-in and Gilbert Allison, whipper-in, are with hounds.



Potomac Hunt followers are pictured: First row, l. to r., Mrs. Nancy McDowell, Dr. Fred R. Sanderson, joint M. F. H.; Mrs. Alice Berry, Commander William Justice Lee. Second row: Mrs. Joseph Horgan, Mrs. Robert E. Moran, Laird Dunlop, III, Paul L. Baufield. Third row: Robert Hanson, Dr. Joseph Horgan, Paul C. Cabot. L. H. La Motte is following Dr. Horgan. Dr. James M. Greear, Jr., secretary of the hunt, assisted in the identification, and Mrs. Greear writes: "Dr. Greear could not identify the rest. I imagine they were guests. Maybe he should see his "eye man", I don't know."

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Old Nimrods Advise Get As Much Hunting Before Christmas For Best Of Sport

The advice of old nimrods used to be "get as much hunting as you can before Christmas as afterwards the weather is so uncertain there may be long stoppages". The other day I was in the company of a number of masters of hounds and they all told the same story—"A handful of farmers and one or two old stalwarts are all who come out with hounds these days".

There will be the youthful brigade on grass-fed ponies hunting during the Yuletide holidays, and certainly a few home-on-leave officers. Then one may again hear laughter, then there will be faces lighted up with joy at being once more in the saddle, at being able to see even small packs, and to hear the music of the horn. Something of the true spirit of the winter sport will then return.

I speak from hearsay only (for I have not yet had a day's hunting this season) when I state that never in the history of the sport has its influence been so impotent, its exhilaration so lacking, its joy so damped, its pulse temporarily at so low an ebb. Surely a sense of duty only, a deep affection for "the pastime of princes, prime sport of our nation", and thought for the future, impels those who are keeping hunting going and riding out knowing there will be a skeleton at the feast.

Most of the early hunting songs tell us that the sport "banishes all care". For example:

"There is only one cure for all maladies sure,
That reaches the heart to its core,
'Tis the sound of the horn on a fine hunting morn,
And where is the heart wishing more?

It turneth the grave into gay,
Makes pain into pleasure give way,
Makes the weak become strong and the old become young,

So we'll all go a-hunting today."

For the malady which today makes the whole world mourn the chase is not a panacea although it has proved a valuable panacea. Few have the heart, the horses, the time or the money to hunt. Yet mid all the sorrow, anxiety and uncertainty of the present, there is a general feeling of satisfaction that a few are unselfishly keeping the wheels of sport revolving despite all the difficulties which beset them. We believe they are thereby doing a national service; that they are actuated by a desire that those young men and maidens in the services who are spared, may come back, albeit to an impoverished world, and find that those at home have not let them down. It is the gallops of the future, the horses, the hounds, the scarlet, the good fellowship, and all that these mean, which act as a stimulant to many now far

away from home and everything dear to them. As another old song has it:

"So be it! We've revelled in sunshine so bright—
When day's on the wane, never shirk from the night;

The sons that we cherish will keep up the game,
Their forefathers honour, and rival in fame."

It is always a matter for astonishment to those who do not hunt (and to some who do) that not only can a huntsman recognise and name every hound he has out, but can tell exactly which hounds are speaking (or running riot!) though lost to view in covert. To the uninitiated every hound looks alike, yet each has its distinctive markings, expression, and characteristics which individualise even those of the same litter, as similar to the casual observer as peas in a pod.

I have known men who, once they have thoroughly examined a horse, never forget it, and who months afterwards, can give a detailed description of such animals. Even in the days when horse stealing was common, and when the gypsy fraternity were adepts at so faking and trimming animals that their very age and outstanding markings were altered, their tails cut short and manes hogged, the owners could pick out from a hundred or more at a fair and swear to stolen horses.

There are several historic instances in the story of the Turf of accidental confusion amongst yearlings of the same colour and with similar markings. The breeders, however, have had no difficulty in identifying the youngsters, although in some cases they have not done so until they have run and won races under incorrect names and pedigrees.

Both hounds and horses, however, have more distinctive natural markings than have sheep, or one imagines this to be so.

Apparently this is not actually the case to the experienced flockmaster and shepherd. The careful system of marking fleece, and horns, and of punching ("bitting") ears, is not to aid the owner or his shepherd to identify them with certainty, but for proof and for the guidance of others in case of theft or straying. The other day there died in Farnedale one William Aconley, and in an obituary notice I was interested to read that:

"He was one of the best sheep farmers in this sense that he could 'ken' and remember sheep as very few men are able to do. If he was brought into contact with a sheep once he could remember it for years after, and knew his own flock individually to almost every single sheep—and he had a big flock. That gift is only held by those born amongst sheep and hard-bitten with a love for them. He was shy in company, had no liking for meetings, and was happier at home among his stock."

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POTOMAC HUNT

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Saturday, Dec. 13

The long looked for rain came down in torrents but Tuesday dawned clear and crisp, perfect footing for horses, with scenting conditions excellent. Potomac Hounds met at "Greenbriar", country place of Mr. Richmond Keech. Many army and navy members were absent, due to the emergency, Col. Hardy and Lt. Strawbridge being the only officers out.

Dr. Robert Moran, who never allows snow or sleet to stop him, showed up at the last moment. He had arisen at the crack of dawn to perform an operation and had called his stables to see that "Metom" had a missing shoe put on. However, when he found no blacksmith available, he located some nails and tacked the shoe on himself, arriving at the meet wearing a broad grin and very pleased with the world in general.

Hounds were cast on Mr. Keech's place, crossed into Joe Horgan's where they jumped a fox and were away. But hounds were too fresh and at first made a few misses. However, they straightened out the line on Dr. Lyon's farm, crossed Cramers, Piney Meeting House Road into McConihe's, through George Plummer's into Gordon's woods, where they made a wide circle and denned back on George Plummer's place.

Hounds were again cast and got up a fox in the little pine thicket next to Glen Road on Beall's farm. They circled the big pines, crossed

over into Bailey's, turned right and went all the way to the far side, swung back across Beall's, Piney Meeting House Road into McConihe's, from there through Cramers, back over Piney Meeting House Road into Plummer's, through Gordon's woods and finally lost the fox down by Ray Norton's on River Road.

—Vivian S. Brower

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	Cudgel.....	Elf.....	Galliard Sylvabelle
	Eugenia Burch.....	Ben Strome.....	Bend Or Strathfleet
	Milkmaid.....	The Humber.....	Break Knife Keep Sake
	Peep o'Day.....	Ayrshire.....	Hampton Atlanta
	Nell Olin.....	Sundown.....	Springfield Sunshine
		Wagner.....	Prince Charlie Duchess of Malfi
		Black Sleeves.....	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.

From 6 crops, Milkman has sired 31 starters and 24 winners, including Pastureized, winner at 2, 3 and 4, and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes, 3rd in Christiana and Flamingo Stakes; Early Delivery, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Paumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; Buttermilk, winner Netherland Plaza Handicap, 3rd in De La Salle Handicap; Early Morn, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap, and the winners Milk, Bonny Clabber, Butter, Milk Punch, Cottage Cheese, Separator, Rich Cream, Milk Dipper, Milray, Needmore, Cooling Spring and Cream Cheese.

Milkman, had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: Daily Delivery, Gay Man, Lactose, Milk and Honey, Quizzle, also Milk Bar, who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year-olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: Clip Clop, Milkymoon, and Milk Route.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,000, for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies averaged \$2,043, at Saratoga this past August, on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$650. Return

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Goldens Bridge

Continued from Page Five

Peach Lake, because the pace was too fast for safety.

Star Ridge Farm produced another fox. Apparently he was far from his native country, because he ran over Rider's farm, the Storm property, H. H. Vreelands pasture land, and when hounds got too close he went to earth under a large oak tree in an open field on Star Ridge.

The weather was balmy, and riding over the open country was pleasant, especially with foxes willing to run, and scenting conditions favorable. The field was satisfied after 3 hours of hard riding. They welcomed the end in order to go to the hunt breakfast given by the McKeons.

Saturday, Dec. 13

Foxhunters were greeted by a light snow and it continued to come down just as they were preparing to go to the meet at Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Paterno's Apple Hill Farm, but the temperature seemed conducive to good scenting, so the decision was for "hounds to go out", and it proved a good one.

At least 20 riders started for the meet, but bad roads, and the falling snow cut this number down. Hounds were not affected by the snow. Drawing through the Dingle Ridge section, then across Star Ridge, they found on the Bloomerside area of Peach Lake, and ran through the kennel country over Walter Howe's farm, where they turned toward Croton Falls, then north almost to Brewster and back again for Star Ridge Farms.

Through the stillness of the falling snow, hounds poured forth music that all foxhunters enjoy as much as a symphony and they were really driving their fox. He ran through such well-known farms as Oscar Bailey's, H. H. Vreeland's, Mrs. Max Dreyfus', the Storm property, and Pfeffer's place, and plodding through the snow he was really getting tired. After running an hour and 45 minutes he was game, but beaten, and when Ben Funk, huntsman, saw hounds gaining, he decided to reward him for gameness by whipping off, that he could run another day.

Despite the bad footing no riders went down. The field at the finish was reduced to Mr. R. Laurence Parish, M. F. H., Mrs. Parish, Richard L. Parish, Jr., Major Thomas F. Cooke, Carlo Paterno, and Sydney S. Gilbert. The snow turned to freezing rain. All were glad to dry out, then proceed to a breakfast given by Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Bondy, Jr. at Wildoaks.—Amos L. Horst.

MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,
Louisa County,
Virginia.
Established 1908.
Recognized 1908.

Monday, Dec. 15

Those who stayed on to the end of 4½ hours got but little, all but a blank day, except for a few minutes on a grey. The meet was at Philomont, scent was bad.

Thursday, Dec. 18

The meet was at Mt. Zion, a bye-day. Hounds were about 20 minutes before they found a fox afoot, then they straightened him out for about 1 hour and 20 minutes. It was over 9 miles as hounds ran, in a wide, flat sweep. Hounds dened after a slow but steady run. Only 8 finished out of 25, Henry D. Whitfield, Mrs. Holger Bidstrup, Mrs. Crompton Smith, Laura Sprague, Mrs. Howard Linn, and Barbara Iselin.

"We galloped for 1 hour and 20 minutes, jumped a lot of natural snake fences, went through Dr. Saffer's place. Scent was real good, breast high, but it was kind of patchy. Hounds were real keen, over-ran once in a while, but picked it up quickly. Mr. Smith viewed the fox first of all", said Whipper-in Nichols, who concluded: "After hounds got the keenness off we had a real good run."

Saturday, Dec. 20

The wind was blowing, the temperature was in the low 50's, and so blustery it was that few thought there'd be any sport at all. Hounds moved off from Middleburg School house at 11 o'clock; started a fox in Ball woods, half an hour later; hurried him; lost momentarily as he doubled back sharply and keen followers, Mrs. Amory Perkins, Algeron Davey and Master Miller, intercepted hounds and got their heads up. The fox was viewed half a field ahead. Huntsman Maddox lifted past the interceptors and hounds went on, but the red had sufficient advantage by this time to pick out a den in the field in which he started.

Hounds then drew easterly through Sunnybank into Black Swamp, back of Mrs. Fairfax's. Someone dropped a half-smoked cigarette in leaves and followers who had halted to fix a curb-chain were fortunate in seeing the wind whip the leaves into raging fire, which but for their presence would have swept the woods.

After a false alarm, when hounds ran westerly on a doubtful line: "The good hounds weren't honoring", Huntsman Maddox said. Hounds drew to the east again, with the 20 mile an hour wind, and it was gone away to the south, across the pike into Orange County. In this neighboring country hounds then proceeded to drive their fox with the most uncanny ability. Despite the wind, they carried on for 1 hour and 15 minutes. On the tilled soil and sod fields they'd fly; in the woods and briars they found it difficult.

Down a very precipitous slope, Daniel C. Sands had the misfortune to break a leather at the gallop, and the well-known Middleburg realtor-Master of Fox Hounds bought Orange County real-estate with a bang. He was up quickly but his horse took some catching. Hounds made several turns through the country, from Dover up to Exning and back again they ran.

Crossing the old mill road back of Mr. Tom Dudley's, Huntsman Maddox wheeled Mountsville, who put in a mighty leap over a wall all but hidden in brambles. Honorary-Whipper-in Crompton Smith followed Mountsville, (a gift horse to Middleburg Hunt staff from Frederick Warburg). Mr. Smith's mount took off a cap-rock, then Big Charley, carrying the writer got tangled in the briars and grape-vines, stumbled, breasted and went end-over-end. Mr. Smith was kind, hearing the crash, turned and caught him on the run, that we could continue.

Swinging back again past Mr. Dudley's hounds did the most amazing bit of work, carried the line right through the cattle-yard, between the barn and the house. They picked it up in 2's and 3's, haltingly but steadily, providing an opportunity to leave our broken martingale with a co-airplane watcher, Mrs. Gordon Collier, at the Dudley post, of which Duke Tyler is in charge. ("Isaac 4", has sustained steady 24 hour duty there for a fortnight now).

When hounds hit the sod field they flew, ran a twisting course to the west and started for the Winchester-

ORANGE COUNTY HUNT CLUB

The Plains,
Virginia.
Established 1903.
Recognized 1903.

Wednesday, Dec. 17

Fletcher Harper, M. F. H., hunts through foul and fair weather, carries his fields in magnificent manner, year in year out he has done it. A trip to New York last week brought him low with a cold—you can't get away from the sniffles and snuffles of Manhattan. Consequently, Robert B. Young, who does exceedingly fine honorary-whipper-in duties in a black Melton coat, was out this day in pink as acting-Master to give the followers sport.

The meet was at Frogtown and all the little colored school-children were lined up with their teacher, to review the procession as hounds moved away. The temperature in the 60's, the day seemed a little on the warm side, yet a good one for sport.

As it turned out, scent was awfully spotty. Hounds found nothing in drawing north of the railroad tracks, but once safely across, (only missed a freight train by 1-2 a minute,) hounds and followers spent some interesting hours in drawing and working the big bar-way country back towards Rectortown.

A birthday hunt for this correspondent of The Chronicle, this department's tally was one broken stirrup keeper and a leather broken thrice. Horace Moffett contrived clever fashioning of leathers buckled together, that they hung over the seat of the saddle and you rode by balance. Then the gracious Alvin Baird, over whose land hounds pushed a fox, offered the loan of a real good London made Whippy.

Hounds were taken across the road at Mr. Baird's, when it seemed that his young thoroughbred stock in the big field in Cobbler country were chasing a fox. At least a dozen thoroughbred horses were chasing something and there was an obvious atavistic manner in their running. Hounds could pick up nothing, presumably the horses obliterated all scent in galloping over the line.

There was scarcely any scent but the veterans felt it would get better from an atmospheric change with the fall of temperature later. So it

Washington pike. An Army convoy was burning past; huntsman and whipper-ins were quick lifting hounds, fortunately they had dwelled in cattle. There a day was called next to Dr. Robert Booth's. It was a cracking good day considering the wind.

Work Horses Subject Of Lectures At VPI For War Work

Prof. R. E. Hunt, head of the Animal Husbandry Department of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute has advised that a timely series of lectures have been scheduled, "A Short Course for Teamsters." These lectures will be held in Blacksburg, Va., the week of January 19-24 inclusive.

"Under normal conditions it has been difficult for farmers to get capable men for the handling and care of work horses", wrote Professor Hunt "and the national defense program will, of necessity, restrict the output of tractors and farm machinery and this will increase the demand for good teamsters. There will be a greater demand for men who are skilled in the use of the "multiple hitch" and larger units. This is something that the average teamster has not learned. A good work horse is a valuable animal and deserves expert care and handling. In order to assist the farmers of the state in procuring efficient teamsters we will offer the following subjects in this short course:

1. Horse Feeds; 2. Value of Pasture; 3. Rations for Farm Horses; 4. Rations for Brood Mares; 5. Rations for Colts; 6. Methods of Lowering the Cost of Feeding Horses; 7. Care and Management of Farm Horses; 8. Care and Management of Brood Mares; 9. Care and Management of Colts; 10. Care and Management of Young Stock; 11. Azoturia; 12. Digestive Disorders; 13. Care of Wounds; 14. Encephalomyelitis; 15. Control of Parasites; 16. Diseases of Colts; 17. Fitting and Adjusting Harness and Equipment; 18. Training The Draft Colt to Work; 19. Multiple Hitches and Their Use; 20. Aids in Handling Horses.

All those interested in taking the above courses are urged to communicate with Professor Hunt, Blacksburg, Va.

proved. Hounds started a fox, ran him, with sometimes long checks while working it out, for fully 55 minutes, to a den. The den was on a steep hill side, the balance of the pack over-ran the den, were searching out the lines 100 yards away, down by the railroad, when one hound of individual hunting instinct "holed" and the balance came to him to mark their fox.

This 55 minutes was good fun—nothing like the great 2 hour run of Monday, Dec. 15, of which you'll hear more, but it made the day and—the whole hunt was handled with rare dispatch.

Due to Defense Production Limitations
Our Christmas Cards Were Delayed
MAY WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY
TO EXTEND
SEASON'S GREETINGS TO OUR MANY
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General Mitchell

Continued from Page One

with Alaska as the apex to San Francisco and Japan was his conception. Hawaii, Guam, Wake, Midway, the Philippines were but the stepping stones that would lead us inevitably into an attack from the air by Japan.

Following his resignation, General Mitchell spent much of his time on his place at Middleburg where he was known and admired by all as a skilled horseman and ardent foxhunter. Before his court martial, while living in Washington, he would leave at 4 in the morning to come down to Middleburg to hunt. In the Philippines he organized polo; in Virginia he helped carry on the sport. His hunters which he and his stableman, Sonny Dishman made, were sold throughout the country.

This sportsman soldier had a life that reads like one of the greatest adventure stories of all time. As sportsmen the country over were his friends and as his interest in all phases of sport was one of the guiding principles of his life, The Chronicle gives this brief resume in opening its articles on sportsmen in wartime.

General William Mitchell was not a West Pointer. He left college at the age of 18 to enlist as a private in the Spanish-American War. His father was senator from Wisconsin. His grandfather was Congressman and then Governor of Wisconsin. At the age of 18 Billy Mitchell was slated to be a banker but his career would never have suited America's foremost airman. He fought in Cuba, he fought in the Philippines and after the Spaniards were defeated, he went back to the Philippines and then to Cuba to fight the rebels. Back once more in the United States as a lieutenant, there was a job in Alaska for the army to string telegraph wires. General Greeley sent him to Alaska to estimate the cost. He wired back \$15,000. The wire was garbled and the General reported to Congress that it would take \$50,000. Congress at first demurred in having a lieutenant entrusted with such a mission and such a sum of money, but General Greeley told them it was alright to entrust it to Mitchell. The job took two years. Once more Billy Mitchell found himself back in Washington and then only did he have time to study the art of war that he had practiced so sedulously. He went to the War College and won honors in every department, graduating number 1 in his class.

Aviation broke upon the world and found an avid follower in young Billy Mitchell, now a captain in the United States Army, and stationed in Washington. For some reason General Mitchell was born to fly. Langley Field in Norfolk had planes and instructors and Billy Mitchell would leave his desk on Friday night, take the night boat to Norfolk and fly Saturday and Sunday, returning in time to report for duty Monday morning in the Army. Instructor May at the Langley Field said he was the only man he ever knew to learn to fly in 19 hours.

The great war found Billy Mitchell burning with desire to do something. He had himself sent over to Europe and was in Spain as an airman, when news came that America was in the war. He rushed to London and there was hard at work organizing an American Air Force when General Pershing arrived. In the air force, where few officers knew anything of aeroplanes, General Mitchell kept a steady stream

of information going back to this country pleading for the proper planes. They never were made and American fliers were using British and French planes when the armistice came, but Billy Mitchell had moved from Major to Lieutenant Colonel to Brigadier General and finally to command of the entire allied air force which mustered the fantastic sum of 300 planes in the air at once at St. Mihiel.

Back in America General Mitchell continued his fight for aeroplanes and an aviation arm. When he said that aeroplanes could sink battleships, the navy department was horrified. He proved it. Congress was always General Mitchell's friend. They let him have two old battleships. In spite of the fact that the War Department stipulated that he fly his planes at an altitude of 10,000 feet, apparently thinking that planes could not fly that high, General Mitchell found one plane with superchargers on it that could, and by working for 4 days and nights, ground crews equipped three others capable of the same height. The rest is history. The battlewagons were towed out 100 miles to sea and anchored where a hyper critical war department demanded that planes fly to drop their bombs. The battleships were sunk. Army anticraft guns were then proved ineffective in tests, and General Mitchell proved it with planes flying by, towing targets which the ground forces could not even see, let alone hit.

Finally as second in command of the Air Force, Brigadier General Mitchell was ordered to the Pacific to inspect aeroplane landing fields in Hawaii, the Philippines, Siberia, China, Japan, all the stepping stones and the Japanese would not give him permission to see anything in Japan. He went anyway. They rifled his luggage everywhere he went. This was in 1923. The Japanese were preparing for war. Shortly after this the first German aviators came to Japan as instructors and long range bombing planes were put into manufacture with but one purpose, the flight over the Pacific.

General Mitchell saw it all and back in Washington he began writing his reports. File after file were sent to officials in the army, the navy, the War Department. It was no use. He saw the importance of Alaska; but 20 hours from New York; he saw the Hawaiians with no aviation chief and the army and the navy at loggerheads over who was to take precedence; he saw Guam, Midway, Wake, the stepping stones of the Pacific, left utterly defenseless. He went from official to official explaining, expounding what was to be the strategy of the Japanese when they attacked the United States. Finally, demoted and sent to Texas, he was planning the airways now being used by commercial planes when two things occurred. The Army sent a flying boat to Hawaii without sufficient gasoline, although they had room for reporters. The boat was forced down 300 miles from its goal; the navy sent the Shenandoah on a tour of summer fairs in the midst of the thunder storm season in spite of the request of its Commander Lansdowne not to go.

The former chief of the Allied air forces gave an interview. It was plastered from one end of the country to the other. He had at last gone to the public, the public that had listened to his father and his grandfather before him. He was court martialled. But he went on talking. In 1934 we read that before a government air commission he said our most dangerous enemy was Japan

Christmas Day Hunting

Continued from Page One

ion, with one or two slow, deep-mouthed hounds,—very similar these to the old-fashioned Southern Hound,—had been followed by the local foxhunters for generations. The Yankee farmer is apt to resent any innovation in sport particularly if it savours of England and the "red-coats" whom their ancestors had fought at Concord and Lexington about a hundred and fifty years before; and it had taken a good deal of missionary work on my part to make them understand the sport. I remember particularly one man named John Barton who objected strongly to our crossing his land. He came of an old New England family, and his grandfather had fought the "red-coats" at Concord in '75, and he didn't see why he should allow men wearing those same hated red coats to follow a "pack of dogs" across his ancestral acres. Barton was a difficult man to contend with, and it was not until I accidentally found out that he was in the habit of going to New Brunswick every year after moose and caribou that I was able to obtain a half-hearted permission from him to cross his farm.

I went up to see him one afternoon and though, at first, he was obdurate in his refusal to grant me permission, when I finally appealed to his sense of sportsmanship, he weakened.

"Well", he said, "after all, if it's your way of enjoying yourself and getting sport, I suppose it's just as reasonable as it is for me to go to New Brunswick to shoot moose."

"Particularly," I added laughing,

and our planes must be designed to attack Japan. The commission were reported by the Tribune as saying, "Very interesting". At length, just before his death, this great soldier sportsman who was as much at home in the hunting field as in a battle plane was telling the Military Affairs Committee of the House that, "Our problem is in the Pacific. The people we will have to fight are the Japanese, and if we fail to fortify Alaska, Japan will seize it. If Japan does that she can bomb New York City in twenty hours. We know they have ships designed for that purpose. We have got to have planes that can fly to Midway Island, to Japan and back from there and we must have plenty of them." When this conflict is over an apology by this Government to his family for General Mitchell's services will be in order.

When Billy Mitchell was a small boy in Wisconsin, he wanted to get specimens of all of the Wisconsin birds. He went to a little, unknown taxidermist in Milwaukee who taught him how to mount the birds. The birds were mounted and are now in the Milwaukee Museum, beautiful specimens of Wisconsin bird life. Years and years later a famous South African explorer, Dr. Akeley met General Mitchell. "General," he said, "I am so proud to meet you. I have always heard so much of you."

"Don't you remember me, Doctor," the General said.

The great naturalist came closer and closer and peered up at Brigadier General Mitchell. "Why," he said, "You're not little Willie Mitchell whom I taught to stuff birds? Why yes you are," and he took Willie Mitchell and hugged him. Dr. Akeley never came back from Africa, but he never forgot Billy Mitchell. Not many people did.

"when I am trying to destroy the foxes who kill your poultry."

"Couldn't you do it better with a gun?" he said, "Same as Tom Ashe does? He's got two fox dogs and he killed eleven foxes last winter. You've got about fifty dogs so they tell me. How many did you kill?"

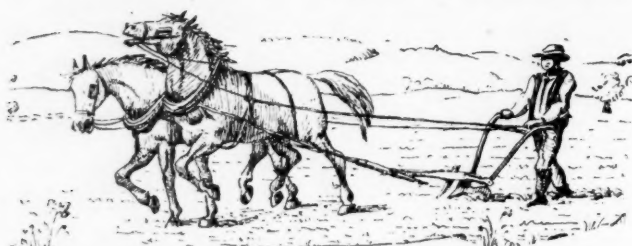
"At least as many as that", I answered. We both laughed. He had by this time become somewhat mellowed by the cider we had drunk together.

"Well" he said, "go ahead and try to kill some of my foxes, and don't knock down too many of my walls." And so we parted.—Sudbury Common was one of our best meets, and the little green in front of the white wooden Colonial Church, which has stood there since Revolutionary days, was dotted with scarlet coats, with a goodly scattering of black ones, and not a few ladies' some of them with children, home for the holidays, on ponies, who were seeing their first Christmas meet. My Diary tells me that we found on Moore's Hill and that hounds, getting away close behind their quarry, ran hard across the railway line towards Concord, and then swung right-handed at Nine Acre Corner and crossed the Sudbury marshes, towards Lee's Bridge. The Field had to bear well to the left here, as crossing the marshes at that time of year is impossible, but hounds were at fault in Kelly's Wood and we were able to catch up to them just as they hit off the line again and settled to really run over the Burnett meadows which lie to the South of the Sudbury River. Beyond Burnett's, they were two fields ahead of us, and we saw them streaming past the Bent farm as we crossed the road and breasted the steep hill which overlooks the Sudbury Vale. Charlie Morris, whose brother Frank still hunts the Cleveland, will remember this day, if ever he sees this, for he was on a little thoroughbred mare called *Borderland* that day, and though it was his first season as Whipper-in to my pack, he had already proved himself a brilliant horseman, with that indispensable faculty of getting a view on all possible occasions. Hounds checked near the sand-pit on the south side of the Bent farm, and it was Morris' keen eye which saw, a field ahead, our fox making straight for the Barton farm. We had run a complete circle and I had to lift them over the railway again to hit off the line in the meadow beyond. It was no great point, perhaps four miles at most, but I don't remember many more satisfactory endings than when I saw my hounds roll that fox over, not fifty yards from Barton's front door.

When we reached them there was very little left of that fox, and old man Barton was jumping up and down with excitement, and shouting, "Sic 'em! Bite the——", just as he would have cheered on a terrier after a rat. I blooded one or two children, gave the brush to a little girl, and the mask to old Barton. So far as I know, it hangs in his Hall to-day; and then—because it was Christmas Day—he went into the house and returned to the porch followed by his wife and daughters, with plates of hot minced pies and jugs of New England cider, in which we drank each other's healths.

I cannot truthfully say that I remember any other Christmas in the hunting field that was quite so gay as this one, but I have had a good many Christmas Days in the saddle, which were a very pleasurable appetizer to my Christmas dinner.

FARMING For Defense



The Chronicle's Farm Bureau Pays A Visit To Beltsville Experimental Station Where Improved Agricultural Methods Are Being Developed For All Types Of Livestock Production

By Daniel C. Cox

Governmental expenditures are frequently the subject of criticism, but a tax payer, interested in any phase of live stock production or improved agricultural methods, cannot help but feel he is having his money wisely invested after a visit to the vast Experimental Station conducted by the Dept. of Agriculture at Beltsville, Md.

Last Wednesday I was lucky enough to be included in a tour of the station, organized by Col. Pleas B. Rogers, Commanding Officer of the Front Royal Remount Depot, for a group of reserve officers now at his depot. As these men were without exception graduates of one of the numerous state agricultural colleges, they were naturally keenly interested in all we saw. The party also included A. Mackay Smith, well known hunter breeder of White Post, Va., who is now also engaged in developing a fine herd of Polled Short Horn Cattle; and David Donovan, of Berryville, Va., breeder of Aberdeen Angus.

Will Answer Questions

As it would be impossible to cover in detail in this column all that we saw and heard, I will merely try to hit a few of the most interesting high points, and I wish that any reader desiring further information on any topic mentioned would drop a line to this column and we will be delighted to furnish more complete details. (In digression, we wish to express the hope that this column may eventually develop into a clearing house for any questions or problems having to do with livestock work or farming in general, and we will attempt to get hold of the most up-to-date information on the question involved.)

Poland China and Duroc

We spent sometime looking at the results of an experiment in hog breeding. A variety of Danish hogs, the Landrace, is being crossed with two of our well known breeds, the Poland China and the Duroc Jersey in an effort to produce a superior breed particularly adapted to our American farmers. The Landrace is a bacon type, with wonderful length of side and good ham, but its white colour is not liked by many farmers, particularly in the South where they are subject to sunburn. The crossings on Poland China and Duroc are being conducted separately, and the men running the experiment feel that the ultimate hog that they will find most desirable and that will then be available for farmers will be 13-16 Landrace, and 3-16 either Poland China or Duroc as the case may be. As any breeder knows the standardization of a desired type is a matter of careful selection and much patient work, and here it appears that a piece of work is being done under ideal conditions. The large brick hog houses with clean concrete divisions and ample run-

ways, were the occasion for envious remarks on the part of some of the livestock officers who said they would like to set up in business with such a layout.

Periodic Ophthalmia

A glimpse at some of the work being done by the Division of Animal Disease with 17 research veterinarians, under the direction of Dr. Eichorn was most interesting. Studies of many of our most serious diseases are being conducted. Periodic Ophthalmia, that ever present nightmare to the horseman, is being studied from the angle of the possibility of its being transmitted by heredity. A number of mares, blinded by the disease, have been bred to a stallion, also blind and victim of an attack. The oldest foals are two years olds, and none to date have developed trouble, but the doctor, who was showing us about, said a number of years would be necessary before they could state with absolute certainty that the disease was not hereditary. A successful vaccine is being developed for St. Louis encephalomyelitis, a variety of sleeping sickness, which differs from both the Eastern and Western types of encephalomyelitis, and is not affected by the vaccine that have already been developed to successfully combat these other two types. Studies of Swamp fever, a horse disease, little known here in Virginia, but of much importance in other sections, are being conducted in an effort to determine how the disease is transmitted and how it may best be controlled.

Grass vs. Grain Fattening

There is a very fine herd of Short Horn Cattle here at Beltsville, and some of the helpers and bulls viewed would have done well in any livestock show. Many experiments in feeding are continually being conducted. One interesting point, brought out in an experiment of grass fattening versus grain fattening was that the fat of the grass fattened animals was far higher in its carotene content. In this vitamin conscious age, it is pretty generally known that carotene is the pro-vitamin for vitamin A or during digestion turns into vitamin A. And yet on the butcher block the yellow fat of the grass fed animals is discriminated against. Of course it takes a wonderful pasture to put a comparable finish on a fattening animal to that obtained by grain feeding.

Pasture Improvement

The whole question of pasture improvement is constantly being studied and Dr. Hansen, one of the stations agronomists showed us a number of experimental plots where various varieties of grass and legumes were under study. I was particularly interested in seeing a vigorous growth of Birds Foot Trefoil, a variety of legume found in a wild state in New York and advocated by Prof. D. B. Johnston Wallace for in-

Blue Ridge Hunt

Continued from Page Two

the pack opened again and with good cry went into a big covert of a couple of miles in length to the south of Red Gate. Here it was fast as you could drive through the length of it, but at the other end a sharp left handed turn of the fox made hounds overrun the line. The check was enough for him to make good his escape to the east into some open grass fields.

It was not but a few moments before another red or it might have been the same one was gotten out of a corn field and was seen to make a straight line along some open ground for a quarter of a mile and then swing left and back into the big Red Gate covert. Hounds were at once put on and then the way scent blew was very apparent. Although the fox had run but seconds before the pack, hounds could only pick it up nearly a hundred yards down wind and then only fitfully. It was interesting that when they were headed directly into it as they were in a few more moments as the fox pointed his mask west into it, they ran well and hard but as soon as he veered to run cross wind it was impossible for them to do anything.

After this fox it was decided to call it a day which proved scarcely a dull one with 4 foxes up in two hours and four fast bursts over good grass and some nice flights of rails, but not one in which one could sit down and ride.

Saturday, Dec. 6

Saturday, December 6th Blue Ridge had a fast day with a meet at Springsbury Farm. Hounds found a fox to the south of Mr. and Mrs. Greenhalgh's farm and ran him in three big looping circles, through Clay Hill and the John Payne's. It is interesting that this fox was found the previous Saturday in practically the same spot and performed the identical looping run although scent was more spotty and hounds could not drive him the way they did on this day.

The first time around was a small tight circle. The next time he broadened out as hounds began to push him and the last time around he went into the Phillips farm and from there into the big Land's End covert, down to the river and swam across. There hounds followed him and on up into the mountain where they lost.

Foxes have been swimming the Shenandoah on several occasions during the current season both with Blue Ridge and further upstream with Mr. Guest's Hounds.

Interest was brought about by the fact that we sowed some in a grass mixture during the latter part of August. The severe drought that followed has to date prevented germination and so I was pleased to learn the type of plant and leaf in order to be able to recognize it next spring, if any seeds are hardy enough to survive the winter.

Time and space prevents any mention of a visit to the office of Dr. Phillips, head of the genetics department in pasture mixtures. My interest, where we discussed some breeding problems; nor to that of Dr. Anderson, soil specialist.

Anyone traveling between Washington and Baltimore on Route 1, is advised to turn off at Beltsville, as although you cannot possibly see everything on this 14,000 tract in a single visit, you will certainly find something to interest you and find all the members of the staff most courteous and helpful.

Beagles

By EDWARD M. WARD, JR.



Eighty-seven Beaglers Meet At Mr. Parrish's Rock Ridge Farm

Mrs. Bondy, master of the Lewisboro Foot Beagles of Golden's Bridge, New York, writes in to say that Sunday, November 30th was an extremely good day with her hounds.

The meet at Mr. Parrish's Rock Ridge Farm brought out a field of eighty-seven. Huntsman Myers had 10 1-2 couples there to hunt the best part of their country. The day was bright with no wind, and a falling glass—not always a good portent for scent. The field put up a hare about fifteen minutes after leaving the meet and saw her speed away. Hounds were capped on and hunted at a great pace for 12 minutes to lose in a field of cattle. After drawing a couple of fields further on a second hare jumped up in front of hounds. She went away rather slowly and, after getting a good lead on hounds, stopped to have a look around before hurrying on. She went on in view of the field, a great part of the time and most obligingly went through barways rather than over the walls without a turn for about a mile. Then she went diagonally through a fair size covert, up a hill, over a wall and down a ride and back to the same covert, only to be pulled down when she was almost in the open again. The distance hounds ran was close to 4 miles. Only 12 of the original field were up when hounds killed.

The outstanding hound work was done by Kingsland Lucifer, Treweryn Guardsman 2nd, Forester and Bellmaid and Cliffside Ruler. Ruler has had quite a career. I bought him from a man who had had him as a house pet for 2 years, for 10 dollars and gave him to the Buckram Beagles. He was a bit oversize and fast for them and was sold to the Kingsland Beagles, who in turn, sold him to Mrs. Bondy. I am glad to know he is doing well and hope he has found a permanent home at last.

The Lewisboro Foot, are very proud of their 2 whips who are in the Army, Freddy Gebhard, Mrs. Bondy's son, and Jimmy Butler.

Morgan Wing, Jr., is in the Army and has been so busy as a staff officer that he hasn't been out yet this season with the Buckram.

"Admiral" Stone, who has always been identified with sailing, is rather disgruntled with having to serve in the Navy on a converted diesel yacht. He would a great deal rather sail.

The Buckram are pleased at having several British Navy officers out with them recently. The more the merrier, we say!

Winds Up Year

Continued from Page Twelve

GAITHER, H. GRANGER,
GIMBRONI, ORESTE,
GRABOSKY, JACK,
GREEN, PETER, (Colored),
GREER, C. M., JR.,
HALEY, JOHN,
HAMILTON, ROBERT C.,
HANDLEN, RICHARD E.,
HANRAHAN, MICHAEL,
HARRISON, DABNEY CARR,
HARRISON, JOHN S.,
HASTINGS, JOHN,
HAYHURST, WILLIAM,
HAYMAKER, NORMAN,
HENNESSY, JOHN,
HOLLOWAY, S. J.,
HUGHES, HOLLIE,
JACOBS, HIRSCH,
JOHNSON, JOHN M.,
JOHNSON, JUDY,
JONES, WILLIAM G.,
LAING, GEOFFREY A.,
LEONARD, JOHN L.,
MAHONEY, JAMES,
MALETT, JOHN F.,
MALONEY, JAMES W.,
McAFEE, MORRIS,
McCREERY, THOMAS H.,
McCASHIN, ARTHUR,
McGAHEY, ARTHUR H.,
McGOVERN, P. H.,
McKELVEY, THOMAS,
McNAIR, JAMES,
McVITTY, EDWARD Q.,
MEEHAN, JOHN,
MICHAEL, JAMES A.,
MILLER, JAMES PATTON,
MILLER, WILLIAM R.,
MILLS, LARRY,
MOONEY, EDWARD M.,
MURPHY, JOHN E.,
NEILLANDS, GEORGE,
ODELL, DAVID DALLAS,
PANCOAST, EVANS,
PASSMORE, WILLIAM T.,
POST, WILLIAM,
POWERS, VINCENT M.,
RAINES, VIRGIL W.,
RINGGOLD, J. RICHARD,
RYAN, JAMES E.,
RYAN, JOHN,
SCHWARTZ, PHILIP,
SICEL, JR., GEORGE W.,
SKINNER, JOHN T.,
SMITH, J. P.,
STEWART, S. LURMAN,
STODDARD, JR., LOUIS E.,
TALLMAN, NORMAN,
THEALL, JOHN B.,
TUCK, G. C.,
TWYMAN, DELMAR,
VEITCH, LEO,
WATTERS, SIDNEY, JR.,
WEBB, GERALD B., JR.,
WHITE, ARTHUR,
WHITE, CHARLES R.,
WILMHURST, FRED B.,
WOOLFE, RAYMOND G.,
YULL, WILLIAM F.

The following jockeys were granted licenses by the N. S. and H. A. during 1941:

JOCKEYS

ALMONEY, RAYMOND,
ATKINSON, ALEXANDER J.,
BALDWIN, EDWARD,
BALL, WALTER N.,
BALZARETTI, WILLIAM J.,
BANKS, SHIRLEY,
BARRY, JOHN,
BAUMAN, ALBERT,
BELLHOUSE, FRANCIS T.,
BLAND, WILLIAM,
BROOKS, COLONEL,
BROOKS, NORMAN,
BROWN, NORMAN,
BROWN, WINFIELD G.,
BURCKHALTER, JOHN,
BYRNE, PATRICK F.,
CALDWELL, EDWARD J.,
CLEMENTS, HAROLD W.,
CLYBURN, JAMES,
COLLINS, WILLIAM A.,
COLMAN, CHARLES J.,
CRUZ, HOWARD,
CUMENS, FRANCIS A.,
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GRANT, HARRY T., JR.,
GRAYSON, EMMETT,
HALEY, JOHN,
HARBOURNE, EARL A.,
HARRIS, HARRY E.,
HAYHURST, REGINALD,
HAYHURST, WILLIAM,
JENNINGS, EDWARD,
JONES, ROBERT L.,
KING, WILLIAM,
LEONARD, WARREN F.,
LEWIS, FRANK,
LITTLE, HENRY C.,
MAGEE, JOHN,
MAIER, FREDERICK,
MALETT, JOHN F.,
MANOGUE, JAMES,
MASON, JOHN,
MAYLEN, JOSEPH,
MEEHAN, JOHN,
McDONALD, LAWRENCE,
McGOVERN, JAMES H.,
McGRATH, JAMES E.,
McKAY, FRANK,
McKENNA, PETER,
McMILLAN, FREEMAN,
MERGLER, MERRITT W.,
MEYER, JULIUS,
MILLER, ROBERT J.,
MURDOCK, HORACE,
NEILLANDS, GEORGE,
NEWTON, LEON J.,
O'NEILL, SIDNEY,
OXLEY, JOHN,
PENROD, JAMES E.,
PEPPERLING, FREDERICK,
RICH, JAMES E.,
RILES, SCOTT D.,
ROBERTS, EMMETT,
ROBY, THOMAS,
RUSSELL, EDWARD A.,
SCOTT, ANGUS R.,
SCRUTON, ARNOLD,
SLATE, FRANK,
SMILEY, JAMES,
SMITH, LEE,
SMOOT, CHARLES,
SMOOT, GEORGE,
THOMAS, HAROLD,
WALKER, GEORGE W.,
WILLIAMS, RAYMOND,
WINKFIELD, R.,
*YULL, WILLIAM F.

(*) Subject to Rule 243c

The following amateur riders were granted certificates by the N. S. and H. A. during 1941:

AMATEUR RIDERS

MR. JAMES C. ARTHUR,
*MR. A. A. BALDWIN,
MR. EDWARD H. BENNETT,
MR. PERRY BENSON,
MR. M. WORTHINGTON BORDLEY, JR.,
MR. JOHN BOSLEY, 3RD,
*MR. G. H. BOSTWICK,
MR. T. BEATTY BROWN,
MR. CHARLES H. CASTLEMAN,
MR. NORMAN CLELAND,
MR. EDWARD W. CLUCAS, JR.,
MR. JAMES F. COLWILL,
MR. DANIEL H. CONWAY, JR.,
MR. J. S. DISSTON, 3RD,
MR. MORRIS H. DIXON, JR.,
MR. LOUIS DUELL,
MR. WILLIAM DU PONT, JR.,
*MR. JACK GRABOSKY,
MR. JOHN deZ. HAMILTON,
MR. RICHARD P. HAMILTON,
*MR. JOHN S. HARRISON,
MR. JAMES HELDER,
MR. C. THOMAS HOLLOWAY, 3RD,
MR. H. MANSFIELD HUGHES,
MR. STUART S. JANNEY, JR.,
*MR. WILLIAM G. JONES,
MR. JAMES G. LEIPER, JR.,
MR. WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE,
MR. CLYDE A. MAUGER, JR.,
MR. J. T. MENZIES, JR.,
MR. JOHN B. MERRYMAN,
MR. LOUIS MERRYMAN, JR.,
MR. S. PFEFFERKORN, JR.,
MR. FRANK H. POWERS, JR.,
MR. ERIC H. RENWICK,
*MR. J. RICHARD RINGGOLD,
MR. ALEXANDER SMITH,
*MR. LOUIS E. STODDARD, JR.,
MR. GEORGE STRAWBRIDGE,
*MR. SIDNEY WATTERS, JR.,
*MR. RAYMOND G. WOOLFE,
(*) Subject to Rule 243d.

The following were authorized agents during 1941:

AUTHORIZED AGENTS

CATTANACH, CHARLES C. For Mill River Stable.
CHAMBERS, HARRY. For James G. Leiper, Jr.
COCKS, W. BURLING. For Mrs. Fay Ingalls.
DIXON, MORRIS H. For Mrs. Charles S. Bromley, Bruner H. Owen, Mrs. Wm. C. Hunneman, Jr., Mrs. Marion H. MacKenzie, Brooks Parker, Arthur E. Pew, Jr., Malcolm B. Stone, Walter M. Jeffords. C. Mahlon Kline.
DUBASSOFF, OLEG T. For Glen Riddle Farms, Harry LeMontagne, Robert Lehman, Log Cabin Stud, Harry Worcester Smith, E. B. Schley, L. B. Mayer.
FONTAINE, HUGH L. For Brookmeade Stable.
GAITHER, H. GRANGER. For F. Ambrose Clark.
GAULT, E. D. For Greentree Stable.
HUGHES, HOLLIE. For Sanford Stud Farms.
MAHONEY, JAMES. For F. Bourne Ruthrauff.
MILLS, LARRY. For Groton Stable.
ODELL, DAVID DALLAS. For Cielo Siete Stable.
POWERS, FRANK H., JR. For James G. Leiper, Jr., Gwladys Whitney.
POWERS, VINCENT M. For Greentree Stable.
RYAN, JAMES E. For Mrs. James C. Clark, Thomas Leiter, Rokeby Stables, Mrs. Esthur du Pont Weir, J. C. Brady, Richard K. Melon, Mrs. Lewis A. Park.
SKINNER, JOHN T. For Rokeby Stables, Mrs. J. T. Skinner.
STODDARD, LOUIS E., JR. For Mrs. Louis E. Stoddard, Jr.
WHITE, CLINTON E. For F. Ambrose Clark.
WHITE, ARTHUR. For Stephen C. Clark, Jr.
WHITE, ROBERT E. For Arthur White.
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Into R. A. F.

George Chubb, Jr., writes that he wants his Chronicle up in Sewickley, Pa., changed from Duquesne, Pa., where he was with the Carnegie-Illinois steel mills. He has enlisted with the R. A. F. and will go to Canada for several months training on January 1. His previous flying experience should enable him to be flying Hurricane and Spitfire ships in short order. (Manarue, owned by his sister, Ethel, may be recalled as a starter in last year's Raymond Belmont Memorial Hunter Championship Steeplechase, when ridden by Leonard Bughman Jr.)

Draft Exhibition

An exhibition of Belgain draft horses will be held at Hagan Farms, Spackenkill Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. on Sunday January 25.

Benefit Ball

The annual invitation hunt ball for members of Goldens Bridge Hounds, their families, and friends as well as subscribers to adjacent hunts Fairfield and Westchester, Fairfield County, Rombout, and Millbrook will be held at the Bedford Golf and Tennis Club, Bedford, N. Y. Saturday night Dec. 27. It will be held for the benefit of the American Red Cross with chapters at Bedford, Katonah, Mt. Kisco, and North Salem sharing. Mrs. R. Laurence Parish is chairman of the ladies committee assisted by Mesdames: Bernard F. Gimbel, Arthur O. Choate, Edward B. King, Daniel M. McKeon, Herbert S. Duncombe, Jr., and Richard C. Bondy Jr. The floor committee consists of R. Laurence Parish, M. F. H. Maj. Herbert S. Duncombe, Jr., Frederic P. Warfield, Daniel M. McKeon, Carlo Paterno, William Ewing, and Major Thomas F. Cooke. A large field is expected on Saturday before the ball when Goldens Bridge Hounds meet at Rock Ridge Farm at 11 a. m., and on Dec. 28. Lewisboro Foot Beagles meet near the same spot at 12:30 p. m.

Aiken Wedding

The horse and hound and hunting contingent wintering in Aiken enjoyed the lovely ceremony of Pamela Tower and Jay Ketcham Secor's wedding on Saturday, Dec. 20. Maj. Roderrick Tower gave his daughter in marriage. Flora Miller, half-sister, was maid of honor, and bridesmaids were Virginia Davis, Sylvia Szechynyl, Dolly von Stade (joint-M. F. H. of Aiken Hounds with Mrs. Seymour Knox), Daphne Peabody, Alice Brisbane, Phyllis Preston and Mary Blackwell. James J. Secor was best man and William Post was one of the 10 ushers.

Monmouth Wedding

Up in Monmouth County (N. J.) wedding bells will peal January 17, when Florence Barlow Ruthrauff wedded Oldfield Bergen Burtis Rapalaea, Jr. The daughter of Mrs. Wilbur B. Ruthrauff and the late Mr. Ruthrauff, is a keen follower of Monmouth Harriers. Her father was a staunch supporter of Monmouth County Hunt racing and a steeplechasing owner.

Charles Baskerville on Hunting

Charles Baskerville, noted portrait and mural painter, did his first hunting pictures this year with the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. R. Laurence Parish, he M. F. H. of Goldens Bridge. This picture led him to do an oil of Goldens Bridge Hounds crossing the Parish fields and this picture was followed up by the J. W. Y. Martins commissioning him to paint a view of their Snow Hill farm that overlooks the Maryland Hunt Cup Course. The painting has the fox

ducking through an orchard on Snow Hill with hounds close on and the huntsman and the field are coming across the Snow Hill acres. Since this initial start, the famous painter has done a Westchester County scene and the Meadow Brook Hounds crossing the C. V. Whitney fields. In all of these paintings, Charlie Baskerville has laid emphasis on the country as the real essence of foxhunting and he uses the pink coated riders as the brilliant touches that enliven the countryside. It is a new conception in hunting pictures and a most attractive one.

Longmeadow Master

Ernest S. Ballard, hunt secretary of Longmeadow Hounds (Ill.), advises: "At its meeting on December 16, 1941, the board of directors accepted with great regret the resignation of Mr. Denison B. Hull as M. F. H. This leaves Mr. Ross J. Beatty, Jr., as sole master." Mr. Hull has been Master of Longmeadow Hounds since 1939. Mr. Beatty, Jr., was made joint-master this year.

Aiken's 3rd Track

Aiken, S. C., is a 3 track town now, "city" to South Carolinians, with the announcement of the completed Kalmia Race Track, a 3-4 mile oval, of which Kent Miller, of Kalmia Hill, Aiken, S. C., is president, Abe Wolf, the filling-station chasing owner-winner of 2 seasons ago is vice-president and Connie A. Garvin is secy-treas. The final meet of the S. C. Turf Assn's 1941 program will be held on January 10 at Kalmia Track. Mr. Miller became a chasing owner the past year, purchased Elkridge from the Hitchcock sale; rode a winner in his 1st race, at Oxmoor, Ky. Aiken has its Aiken Mile Track and the Aiken Training Track as well.

Ritcor Recovers

Robert Ritcor, of Oatlands, Va., well known owner of Yammer, currently chasing at Agua Caliente, Mex., has just recovered from a 6 week siege—appendicitis and pneumonia, all at once. His brother John, who has been on the West Coast for the past 2 years, returned to Virginia a fortnight ago. Both are well known in the hunter-racing game in Virginia.

17.3 Hunter To The Essex

A big hunter went north from Virginia recently. Advance, a 17.3 hand bay gelding was bought by Edward Talmadge who is an ardent follower of the Essex which Anderson Fowler has been hunting so successfully this season. Advance is by the Cleveland Bay stallion, Cleveland Farnley out of the thoroughbred mare Bernice Harrar by Superman. He was foaled five years ago at Kenneth Gilpin's Farm at Boyce, Virginia who sold him to Mr. Talmadge.

Golden Maxim Brothers

The Sanford Stud Farm of Amsterdam, New York bought two full brothers to Golden Maxim recently being by Happy Argo out of Golden Billows. The youngsters, a weanling, and a yearling, were sold by A. N. Chichester of Widworthy Farm, Leesburg, Virginia.

Of Stallions and Mares

Nick Saegmuller, field secretary of the Virginia Horsemen's Assn., recently reprinted "The Care and Management of Stallions and Mares", for those Virginia-thoroughbred breeders interested. The pamphlet is very nicely done, carrying the methods and practices employed by the U. S. Remount Service at the Front Royal, Virginia Remount Depot. This is the Number 1 effort of the Association, in disseminating useful information to breeders. The reprint was prepared by Capt. William E. Jennings, Veterinary Corps, about 6 months at the U. of Ky., and 3 years practical work as Nursery Veterinarian, Front Royal. It is based on records maintained over a long period.

Sport or Business

The National Thoroughbred Foundation, Washington, D. C., is now in the process of trying to determine whether racing is a sport or a business, even a hobby, a consideration of income tax. This Foundation will release a book in the form of "Rac-

ing and The Income Tax", in which the question of whether the taxpayer in making his Federal income tax return may deduct the legitimate expenses and losses he incurs the same as in any other business, or if it is a hobby, these expenses and losses cannot be deducted. Although the preponderance of official opinion supports the proposition that the sport is a business for income tax purposes, each taxpayer must prove his case.

La Montagnes in Aiken

The Harry La Montagnes are in Aiken, in "One Acre Farm", the Houston Rawle's place, for the season. There Mr. La Montagne will watch the wintering of his 'chasers, in the hands of Oleg Dubassoff. These horses include Lechade, purchased from the late Mr. Hitchcock, and who carried Mr. La Montagne's colors to triumph in the Delaware Park spring malden 'chase stake and Bladen, obtained from F. Ambrose Clark's sale in Saratoga last August.

No De-Nerving

Sylvester Labrot, Jr., and Anthony Pelletier, who combined in a syndicate to purchase The Fair Grounds, down Crescent City way in New Orleans, La., have let it be known that the Louisiana Racing Commission, which is the governing body for this winter track, has adopted a resolution not to permit de-nerved horses to run. This resolution came about from the Louisiana body, following the publicity given to the plater Meadow Morn which suffered the loss of a front foot in Maryland. Edward H. Brennan, active during the 'chasing season as handicapper, has taken on the managerial duties of the New Orleans track. The Maryland Racing Commission is also to act against de-nerving, according to Chester Hockley, chairman, following their meeting in January.

Horse at Mile Away

Stephen C. Clark, Jr., recently on maneuvers now in the Carolinas, had his hunters at the W. O. Moss' Mile Away Stable, near Southern Pines, N. C. There he got out with Moore County Hounds, of which Jackson and James Boyd are joint-masters, and which hounds had their opening meet on Thanksgiving Day.

A. H. S. A. Urges

Adrian Van Sinderen and Lewis M. Gibb, pres., and secy., of the American Horse Shows Assn., Inc., which will hold its annual meeting on January 9, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, are urging all member shows of this Association to have representation at the meeting. All shows may have representation, either in official capacity of the individual show, or in a properly empowered delegate.

New Hunter Judge

Maj. Robert L. Taylor of West Point, N. Y., has recently been accepted as a senior recognized judge of hunter, jumper, military, equitation and polo divisions, by the American Horse Shows, Assn., Inc.

500 Shows In 43 States

Adrian Van Sinderen, president of the American Horse Shows, Assn., recently completed a compilation of horse shows held in the United States, which could be brought under the guiding hands of his Association. It was found that there are 509 shows in 43 states non-recognized by the A. H. S. A. There are 45 in Mo., 39 in Md., 37 in N. Y., 31 in Penna., 29 in Va., 23 in Ill., 21 in Wisc., and 20 in Calif., before dropping below the 20 score mark.

Born To It

James Van Alen's stable head, Eddie Pearson, rode back to "Denton Farm" after an exercising outing for one of the young hunters and saw a fox the other day by the corner of the stable. He unsaddled his mount and put him away in his stall, hoping all the time that the fox would still be there at the back of the stable and that he could put two young 5 months old hounds, (there at "Denton" on walk from the Orange County Hunt) on the trail of this red visitor. The hounds were with "Mike" the white bull terrier, up by the house. "Mike" was quickly sicked on the marauder, went off after him with the real viciousness of a watchdog. The hound puppies raced after "Mike", running heads up and mute. Suddenly, crossing the fox's line, they put their noses down, gave the real melodious note of the true American hound, and ran the line exactly

as the fox had gone, over a fence line, into the woods. "Mike" quickly lost when he could run no more by sight. Not so these pups. They worked the fox about through the woods for almost half an hour, before returning to "Denton". Pearson said that he had never seen the puppies give chase to anything, not even a cat, prior to running this, their first, fox.

Showing In the West

Victor McLaglen may have dispersed his thoroughbred stud, but Mrs. McLaglen is carrying on her horse show interests. This well known exhibitor on the west coast circuit has among her string, Game Coq, grey son of Coq Gaulois, purchased from Mrs. M. E. Whitney; Big Spot, 4-year-old son of Rosedale II, purchased as a 3-year-old from Leo Davin, of Caldedonia, N. Y., and Orphan Nell, 7-year-old mare, obtained from Mrs. Philip Hevenor, of Bristol Center, N. Y. This mare is in foal to Bachelor's Gift. Mrs. McLaglen is also looking forward to a War foal out of Sebalin, 4-year-old daughter of Sebastian.

Ground Hogs & Foxes

An ex-Master writes: "When I organized the Hounds, there seemed to be no foxes within miles of my farm and although there was a lot of open country all around me, I could not get them to accept any hospitality. I built all kinds of coverts but they would never use them. One day I was talking to Dr. from , who always looked after my horses when they were ailing. I told him of how impossible it was to get foxes to stay in the country. He asked me if there were any ground hogs around. I told him I never heard of one. He went on to say that you will never find foxes using a country where there are no ground hogs, so I arranged to have some sent down to me and I turned them loose in my woods and within a month or so I could jump a fox almost at will. I saw two articles within 10 days or so asking how foxes could be established in certain localities and I thought your paper might be asked the same question.—As you know a fox never digs his own earth but he is very glad to have the ground hog do that for him and then he will run the ground hog out and use it for himself".

(Editor's Note:—The writer asked that this letter be anonymous.)

Debby Travels And Buys

Deborah G. Rood, well known horse show and foxhunting enthusiast, member of the American Horse Shows Assn., hunter committee, the girl who sold her stable at the National Cup meeting in September, has been gadding about, no longer tied down with demands of many horses. But this won't be for long, for while she's been visiting she's been buying. The first thing, she'll be dispersing again. She sold all but her 3-year-old Carrighater when the auction sale was held, but already her string is mounting. Down in Virginia recently, she visited the William C. Langleys and had a weeks hunting, with Orange County and Piedmont, riding the best of the Langley string. Just for turn about, she bought a 4-year-old Repulse mare from her host, a patron himself at her sale, when he bought Silver Play. Debby has been out in Arizona, near Tucson probably shopping for mustangs, while visiting the William J. Kitchells, of Wilmington, she the former Renee Carpenter daughter of the R. R. M. "Dilwyne Stable" Carpenters. The Kitchells recently bought a hide-out in Tucson, where they will raise cattle to pay the taxes, hop to for week-ends in overnight sleeperplanes and retire to permanently when the bombs start falling here in the east.

Postponed to Cancellation

Clarence B. Jones, chairman of the Longmeadow Hunter Trials, which were postponed because of unusual wet weather, from week to week throughout the fall, has announced, with regret, the necessity of cancelling the trials for this year. Longmeadow Hounds, near Northbrook, Ill., north of Chicago, have, in contrast with eastern and southern packs, been fraught with a submerging countryside, due to exceeding rainfall through autumn days. Ernest S. Ballard is hunt secretary.

